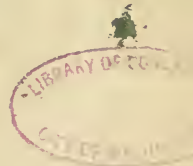


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PUBLIC CEREMONIES
IN CONNECTION WITH
THE WAR MEMORIALS
OF THE
Washington Light Infantry,
WITH
THE ORATIONS
OF
GEN. WADE HAMPTON,
HON. C. H. SIMONTON,
DR. A. TOOMER PORTER.
WITH THE WOLFE MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.





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WITH THE ROLLS, MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS,

&C., &C.

CHARLESTON, S. C. :

EDWARD PERRY & CO., STATIONERS AND PRINTERS,

217 Meeting St., Opp. Charleston Hotel,

1894.

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THE W. L. I. WAR MEMORIAL.

THE FIRST CONFEDERATE MONUMENT ERECTED IN THE SOUTH.

Three decades have nearly past away since the flag of the Southern Confederacy was furled at Appomatox, Va., and at Greensboro, N. C., and it is only now, when the century is drawing to a close, that the story of the Washington Light Infantry war monument can be written in full.

The broad shadows of "the war between the States" were yet resting on historic Charleston, when the survivors of the three war companies of the "W. L. I." came together in 1866 and founded the Washington Light Infantry Charitable Association for the purpose of preserving the memory of their comrades who died during the war, and also for assisting the families of those whom death or wounds, or the results of the war, had rendered destitute.

From meagre resources this was done, and although the sums of money so expended, were not large, the true sentiment of loyalty to the "Lost Cause," and sympathy for those, who were suffering from its disastrous results, were thus warmly expressed.

At a regular monthly meeting of the Association, held at Masonic Hall, on the evening of the 22d September, 1868, a resolution was adopted, *unanimously*, appointing a committee to inquire and report "on the expediency and propriety of holding a Fair, for the purpose of raising the means to erect a monument to the memory of our comrades who were killed or died of disease during the late war."

In May, 1869, this Fair was held, and despite the then impoverished condition of the community a fund of about three thousand dollars was realized, and plans and estimates invited for the proposed war memorial. This was in the early years succeeding the civil war when the unexcelled

resources of our State, were undeveloped and the beautiful *grey* granite of recent years was wholly unknown, for monumental purposes: but the sentiment was fixed, to use only Southern material for the monument, and in executing this purpose, a contract was made, for a monument of Tennessee marble; a lot was purchased in Magnolia Cemetery, and the foundation of the *first* monument to the memory of any Confederate dead was laid. It is believed to be the first war memorial erected on either side—Federal or Confederate!

The 16th day of June, 1870, being the anniversary of the Battle of Secessionville, James Island, in which the command sustained a heavy loss, was fixed upon for the unveiling of the monument. Although on that day the weather was lowering and the rain fell, it did not deter the citizens of Charleston from turning out *en masse* to do honor to the memory of the brave men who had fought in their behalf. At an early hour in the afternoon the principal stores were closed, and the people began to flock towards the City of the Dead, and by five o'clock the streets of Charleston seemed deserted of the population. The various Masonic Lodges in the city marched to the depot in procession, and were joined there by the various Fire Companies, (in citizen's dress,) the Carolina Rifle Club, the various German Societies, and the Hibernian Society. A long train of thirteen cars carried the crowds who flocked thither. Arrived on the ground, the crowd soon augmented to over six thousand, and the ceremonies began.

On the platform were the officers of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons, Odd Fellows, officers of the Survivors' Association, and the Civic Societies. Prominent, were Gen. Wade Hampton, the Orator of the day; Rev. E. T. Winkler, the Poet of the occasion; Rev. E. C. Edgerton, Chaplain of the day; Rev. A. T. Porter, Major Barker, and other citizens. Col. Simonton presided,

The exercises were begun with a prayer, by Chaplain Edgerton.

Rev. E. T. Winkler then recited his pathetic Poem, written for this memorial occasion.

· VIRTUS ET VALOR. ·

A graceful pillar in the waste,
 A shrine to love and memory dear,
 With arts and arms, and trophies traced,
 The Eutaw guardians proudly rear:
 Bringing the tender tribute here—
 The sculptured spoil, the laurelled prize,
 Which to the noblest of her name,—
 Her foremost on the lists of fame,—
 The conquered State denies.

For death may come, but duty lives,
 And reverence and love remain;
 The sacrifice that nature gives,
 When dust must sink to earth again.
 Is not the rending of the chain
 That bound us to the valiant shade
 But Honor claims the immortal urn,
 For lamps that languish as they burn,
 And flowers that bloom to fade.

* * * *

Around this templed monument
 What memories gather, proud and grand,
 From Sumter's bastions brown and rent;
 From Wagner's dunes of billowy sand;
 From lines where Johnson's beacons stand;
 Where Pinckney sways his realm of blue;
 Where every palm and every wave
 Recall the triumphs of our brave,
 When Moultrie's eagles flew.

* * * *

Her own the trunks of prostrate pine,
 Thronged nightly when the "church call" blew;
 Her own the grasses of the line,
 Once gemmed with blood instead of dew;
 Her own the century oaks that threw
 Their shelter o'er the jasmine flowers;—
 But the sweet genius of the place,
 Its joy, its beauty and its grace—
 Its noblest life—are ours.

Resume, soft Nature, thy domain .
 Heal bleeding hearts with balsms of peace,
 But keep within thy gentle reign
 The magic token we release,
 Nor let that native virtue cease, *
 To which this altar pile is given -
 Its base aglow with fields of fame.
 Its slabs that guard each shining name,
 Its spire that flames to heaven.

* * * *

After the unveiling of the monument, Colonel Simonton introduced General Wade Hampton, who was received with loud applause, and delivered the following eloquent

ADDRESS.

The General, addressing the President and gentlemen of the Washington Light Infantry Charitable Association, said :

In accepting the position assigned to me by your kindness, in the solemn ceremonies of the day, many and conflicting emotions stirred my heart. On the one hand, a painful consciousness of my inability to discharge the task imposed in a manner worthy of the occasion, oppresses me and bids me keep silent; while on the other hand, a sense of duty to my living, as well as my dead comrades, impels me to join in this demonstration of honor to those who are sleeping beneath the soil they gave their lives to defend. Let me, then, place on their tomb a votive offering, which, unworthy as it may be of our noble dead, has at least the merit of coming from a heart filled with sympathy for the cause in which they fell; admiration for their devoted patriotism and heroic courage; respect and affection for their memory, and profound grief for their untimely death. There are other motives, scarcely less potent, why my voice should not be silent on any occasion where honor is paid to the living or dead of the Washington Light Infantry.

Have you forgotten, comrades, of that gallant corps,—I shall always remember it with pride,—that when our State called her sons to defend her, and that command was orgau-

ized, whose glorious banner, unsullied by any stain of defeat, untarnished by any breath of dishonor, was borne so heroically through the storm of nearly every great historic battle of the war—it was the Washington Light Infantry that gave me the first company of the Hampton Legion. Can you suppose that I have forgotten the men of “Company A?” that company which for four years of heroic though unequal war, stood always unshaken on the right of the Legion? Can I forget that devoted friend, that unselfish patriot, that gallant soldier, that noble gentleman, Johnson, who was your first and one of your costliest sacrifices laid on the altar of our country? Can I forget the gifted Pettigrew, who lived long enough to achieve an undying glory for himself, but who died too soon for his mourning country? Standing over the graves which hold the hallowed dust of so many patriotic soldiers, looking upon yonder tomb, where are inscribed the names of forty-five of my loved and trusted comrades of that single company, which you gave me, how can I forget the men who fought and died by my side? Can I, turning from the lamented dead to the honored living, looking once again upon the familiar faces of the men whom danger taught me to trust—forget the friends who never betrayed that trust? Can I look upon Conner, as he leans upon those crutches, which tell proudly how nobly he discharged his duty, and then forget the Washington Light Infantry? Oh, no! my friends. Memories and associations, such as these, are amongst the most cherished, though saddest of my heart, and they bind me to my old comrades by ties which death may, but nothing else can, ever sever. They remind me, too, of my duties to the dead, and amongst them there is none more sacred than that, which calls upon me to vindicate their motives, to praise their patriotism, to commend their example, and to protect their memory. These are the duties which devolve upon us, the sad survivors of that gallant band who, at the call of their State, rallied to her defence. Mourning over the graves of “our slain,” who, “for faith and for freedom, lay slaughtered in vain:” standing amid the wreck of our dearest hopes, looking at the ruin of our country, witnessing the

steady but rapid overthrow of Republican institutions and constitutional liberty, what is left to cheer us to future exertion, but the hallowed memories of the past—that past which was made so glorious by our great dead. Amid that noble and, alas, vast throng, none have done higher honor to their State, none deserve deeper gratitude, than the men who died in her cause. Not until death has placed his eternal seal upon the living, and stamped with his irrevocable decree all the actions of their lives, can they be truly estimated. The judgment we pass upon our contemporaries is too often warped by envy, jealousy, personal dislike, or political prejudice; and it is not until death has closed their career here that we can recognize the greatness of their actions, or the integrity of their purposes. The men to whom you dedicate this monument as a testimonial of your respect, gratitude and affection, have passed this last dread ordeal, and we deem them worthy to be enshrined in a people's heart, and to receive the grateful plaudits of a people's voice.

“ A people's voice ! We are a people yet,
 Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget ;
 Confused by brainless mobs and lawless powers,
 We have a voice with which to pay the debt
 Of boundless love and reverence and regret
 To those great men who fought and kept it ours.”

They fought to vindicate the great truths enunciated in '76, and to defend those inalienable rights established by our fathers, and bequeathed to us as our noblest heritage. For these they fought in vain; and of all the attributes of freedom, there is left to us only a people's voice, which, though stifled, calls Heaven to witness that we were sincere and honest in the convictions which prompted our actions, which still asserts our unshaken faith in the justice of our cause, and which, rising from every heart in our desolate land, utters lamentations for the precious blood that was so lavishly but so vainly shed in our country's cause. We, my friends, who were the actors in that mighty drama which for four years filled the world's stage, may not be competent to pronounce an impartial judgment as to the justice of that

cause. Time, with its soothing influence, must elapse, and the passions engendered by the war must cool, before the record can be fully made up for history to pronounce her final verdict. Believing that Truth, Right and Justice were on our side, we submit our case, without one doubt, to the impartial judgment of posterity, reserving to ourselves the right of appeal to the Great Tribunal above, where the Supreme Judge of the Universe, who reads our hearts, will pronounce that decree, which will, through all eternity, justify or condemn us. We know that the men, whose names are written on that marble, believed, as firmly as they did in the existence of a God, in the justice of the cause for which they died: we know that they sacrificed peace, comfort, life, to encounter war, privation, death, at the call and the service of their State: and knowing this, we place them high on the roll of those patriotic and heroic dead who make up the great army of martyrs of Liberty. Nor should their memory be less dear to us, or less honored, because they fell in a cause which God, in His providence, has seen fit to let fail. The heathen may deify the conquering hero, while he condemns those who fail, to exile, chains or death, for with him, success is the only criterion of merit: but not so the Christian. Right, truth, justice, constitute the standard by which he measures all things. The test he applies to the actions of men, is the law which God himself has made. By this law, we can distinguish the lines which divide right from wrong, as readily as we can recognize those, which separate light from darkness. We know that in the economy of God, evil is often permitted to prevail over good on this earth. We see virtue trampled into dust by vice. We see liberty prostrate at the feet of tyranny. We see religion superseded by fanaticism. We see intelligence, virtue, patriotism thrust aside, while ignorance, vice and selfishness usurp the high places of the earth. These are the apparent anomalies which strike us, when we consider the Almighty government of this world. But when guided by the light of revelation, we look more closely into that wondrous system, and comprehend more fully the scheme of that faith, which springing from Calvary, is lighting with

its sublime truths every corner of the earth, we can reconcile the difficulties which stand in our way. That religion, taught by the Saviour, which we profess, nowhere promises that we shall be rewarded in this world for well doing. It does not promise that virtue shall here triumph, while vice is punished; it does not promise that the cause of liberty, sustained though it may be by truth, courage, patriotism, will necessarily succeed when it has to contend with unlicensed power, directed by ambition, hatred and fear. No such promises are held out by the Divine Founder of our religion to His followers. On the contrary, they are explicitly told that on this earth they are to look for trials, disappointments and afflictions; that they will often see the powers of darkness holding high carnival of crime, where they hoped to see virtue exercising her benign and peaceful sway: that it does not come within the scope of the Christian religion to punish evil and reward the good in this world, and that not until the last trump shall summon the quick and the dead to judgment, will the great Judge rectify all the wrongs, punish all the crimes and reward all the virtues which have existed since the foundation of the earth. It is this sublime faith that sustains the Christian patriot as he struggles to bear his own afflictions, or mourns over his country's loss of liberty; for he knows that if he has discharged his duty to his God and to his country, he will sooner or later surely reap an exceeding great reward.

Let us, then, my friends and comrades, cling with unremitting grasp and unshaken confidence to the faith that is in us. Let not the angry threats of oppression, or the syren voice of temptation, drive or allure us to forsake it. Above all, be not misled by that unmeaning jargon, which tells you that your cause was submitted to the arbitrament of arms, and that the sword has decided that cause against you. The sword has never, nor will it ever, decide a principle or establish a truth. It can, as it has often done, overthrow a just cause, and make might take the place of right: but it can never reverse the immutable laws of God, and make what is evil appear right in His sight. A noble cause, upheld heroically by honor, courage and patriotism, may die

along with its supporters. A great truth never dies; but eternal as the God-head from which it springs, it lives forever, amid all the changes of dynasties, the wreck of empires, and the death of nations. It is, too, as false in fact as in logic, to assert that the sword can or does decide justly between right and wrong. With the sword, the Goths and Vandals drenched the fair fields of Italy with the best blood of her sons. It gave nearly half the world to Mahomet. It allowed the Turks to trample out the civilization of Greece. Its keen edge dismembered Poland. It left Hungary bleeding at the feet of the oppressors. It turned over Spain and Portugal to the tender mercies of the Saracen, and on this continent and in our day, directed by unscrupulous power against prostrate States, reeking with fratricidal blood, it enforces the laws which it alone has made. Tell me not, then, that the sword can rightfully turn the scales of justice. It is the exponent of tyranny, not the arbiter of truth—the badge of the tyrant and the executioner, not the symbol of justice. It is not at all inconsistent with these views that we, as a conquered people, should observe scrupulously the terms dictated by the sword and accepted by us. We can do this, and should do it, in perfect good faith; but we should claim and exercise the God-given right of freedom of opinion. We acknowledge that the cause for which these men died is lost, but we should be false to them, false to that cause, were we to admit that they were, because of failure, necessarily wrong. We believe that they were right, and we therefore honor and respect their memory. If they were right, time will vindicate the action and record their fame. If wrong,

“It was a grievous fault,
And grievously have they answered it.”

We, comrades of the Washington Light Infantry, we, who gave our all to the same cause, in which our brothers fell, can entertain no doubt as to the place, which will be accorded them in history. Stigmatized as rebels, posterity will, we hope and believe, give to them the more appropriate name of patriots. Believing this, we fear not to

accept, from the conqueror, the epithet of rebel. Our ancestors had once the same term applied to them, and I accept as a complete refutation of all dishonor attached to the word, the noble language used in regard to it by a great statesman and patriot of England. "The term rebel," said Chas. Fox, "is no certain mark of disgrace. For all the great apostles of liberty, the saviors of their country, the benefactors of mankind, in all ages, have been called rebels, and we even owe the constitution, which enables us to sit in this house, to a rebellion."

Nor are there wanting men at the North, who, rising high above the prejudices of their section, and the trammels of popular opinion, dare to assert, in language as lofty, sentiments as noble, as those so eloquently expressed by this great orator. It was my good fortune, on a recent occasion in New York, to hear one who would be an honor to any country, address an audience composed of Southern as well as Northern men. In touching the great issues, which had so lately arrayed the two sections in war, he drew a glowing picture of patriotism. He told us how this virtue, beginning with one's family, spreads in ever-widening waves till it embraced all we loved as country: and then turning to the Southerners who were present, he brought tears of gratified pride to their eyes by exclaiming: "And, gentlemen, the only reason why you will not hereafter be regarded as the noblest patriots who ever lived, is simply because it has happened, that George Washington fought in the same cause before you did."

You, my friends, of the Light Infantry, who bear the name the Father of his Country has made immortal, must feel your hearts swell with patriotic pride, when you know that the great and good of other lands deem you not unworthy to be placed alongside of Washington. You bear his name, and you have proved yourselves worthy to do so. There are other historic associations of peculiar and proud interest, which connect your organization closely with the great name it bears. Amid that grand group of revolutionary heroes, who illustrated by their deeds in the great rebellion of '76, in the history of South Carolina, no name

is held in higher esteem than William Washington, the worthy kinsman and follower of his illustrious namesake. On the bloody fields of Cowpens and Eutaw, his glorious banner—the precious gift of devoted woman—swept through carnage to victory. That same banner of Washington, which had been consecrated by the prayers of woman—baptized in the best blood of Carolina—sanctified by the cause of freedom in which it had waved—venerated by our whole people as the symbol of victory, the ensign of liberty—was committed by Washington's widow to the Washington Light Infantry, and her own honored hands presented it. When she gave this flag, which her patriot husband had so nobly borne through the war of independence, she solemnly adjured your company to defend it, if need be, with their lives: to maintain its honor unsullied, and to be forever true to the great cause—the cause of freedom—in which it had first been unfurled. Men of the Washington Light Infantry, sons of men who fought by the side of Marion, of Sumter, of Moultrie, of Pickens, of Rutledge, of Laurens, of Hayne, of Huger, and of Washington, how have you kept that solemn charge? Let Manassas and Secessionville, and Seven Pines, and Sharpsburg, and Cold Harbor, and Gaines' Mill, and Malvern Hill, and Drury's Bluff, and Fort Sumter, and Petersburg, and Battery Wagner, and Bentonville, and Chickamauga, and Fredericksburg, and a score of other glorious battle-fields, inscribed in imperishable letters on that immortal banner of yours, answer. You, the men who stand here to-day, and those whose names are written on yonder slab, have fought under the same flag, in the same cause your fathers did, and fought with a patriotism as lofty, a courage as high, a devotion as noble, as ever animated the hearts of your patriot sires. You have proved that the blood which flows in your veins is not degenerate, and that you have been worthy custodians of the precious charge entrusted to your keeping. Be true, then, each of you, I conjure you, now and ever, whatever trials, vicissitudes, or sufferings beset you, to your lineage, your principles, your renown. “Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy God's, thy Country's and Truth's: then if thou fallest, thou fallest a blessed martyr.”

Besides all these incentives to noble actions, presented by the great traditions and hallowed memories of the past, you have many others connected with the formation and history of your corps, and in the sacred objects contemplated now by your Association. You cannot forget that the Washington Light Infantry owes its existence to the patriotic impulse which called its founders to repel foreign invasion, and made them resort to arms to defend that liberty which their fathers had achieved. Need I recall to your memory the name of your first captain—a name justly dear to every Carolinian's heart, honored wherever integrity of purpose, purity of life, power of intellect are esteemed—the name of one, of whom Henry Clay said: "Of all the men I have ever known, the best man, the wisest, the purest, and the greatest statesman, was William Lowndes." On the roll of your company, illustrated first by this great name, are to be found many others worthily distinguished in the annals of our State, fit successors of your illustrious captain. Nor need you fear to place the record you made for yourselves during the late war by the side of that of any other command, nor to compare the officers and men whom you gave to the "Lost Cause," with any who served the Confederacy. You gave three general officers—Pettigrew, Conner and Logan—all worthily distinguished in that cause, and with them, as field officers, Johnson, DeTreville and Simonton, while almost every command from this State drew from your ranks, so prolific of gallant soldiers, many of its most efficient subaltern officers and men. How the rank and file of the Washington Light Infantry did their duty to their country is told in mute but eloquent language, by the long list of honored names that meet your eyes on this monument, which you have dedicated reverently and affectionately to your noble dead. Well worthy are they of all the honor you can pay them, for they surely fell blessed martyrs: and this conviction on our part is full of comfort to those who see the names of their kindred written on the South's roll of honor, that list which records her dead!

I know how vain is all human consolation to the heart that is called upon to give up some object around which the

tenderest affections cluster. I know that many a parent in our mourning land, as he looks through eyes blinded by the tears that will well up from his heart at some loved name, perhaps on that tomb, or some stone that covers all that was mortal of one who was his pride, his hope, his darling, cries out in the pathetic language wrung from a bereaved father's heart: "Oh, my son, Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee! O, Absalom, my son, my son!" I can understand, I can feel!—I have felt all this. But still, feeling deeply for those who mourn their kindred slain, knowing how and for what our sons have died, cannot each one who has given his children to his country, concealing the grief of the father in the holy zeal of the patriot, say proudly, as he stands by the grave of his son:

"Why, then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them a fairer death."

It is right and proper that you should preserve the memory of our dead heroes. would that we could erect to them a monument whose foundation should be as eternal as the great truths for which they died: lofty as their fame: pure as our love: lasting as our gratitude: rising proudly from the earth that holds their clay, and pointing with its spotless shaft to that Heaven where we devoutly trust that they are now at rest. It is a touching and beautiful article of belief in that strange system of theology which takes its name from its founder—one of the most wonderful men of the last century—that those who fall in battle, fighting honestly and truly for their country, are transported to Heaven: and though no such promise is held out by our creed, it surely is not inconsistent with its holy spirit or divine teaching. The trust of the patriot and the faith of the Christian may then unite in the hope, so full of joy and consolation, that our dead patriots—"God's soldiers"—purified by the great oblation of their lives for their country's liberty, standing now in the presence of the Eternal God, looking down with grateful hearts on this solemn scene, bringing their prayers for you, who are now manifesting your reverence

and love for them, to the very foot-stool of the Throne of Grace, are invoking with devout supplications from the Father of Mercies, for you, all those rich blessings which He, and He alone, can bestow.

Thus ended an early and memorial Confederate reunion in Charleston: among the first, if not the very first gathering of Ex-Confederates! When we look back at those times, and recall the public conditions then existing: adventurers from distant States and ignorant negroes, holding the high offices of State, a Carpet-Bag Mayor in office, elected by negro votes, before the legal right to vote had been constitutionally bestowed on the freedmen—in every respect a most discouraging and offensive public condition—but despite all these surroundings the W. L. I. acted! The Survivors of the old Corps actually planned and built a monument to their Confederate Dead, in such depressing times!

The successful result of what to the W. L. I. membership was properly regarded as a great occasion, was to end in disappointment, so far as the monument was concerned: in a few years it became apparent, that the confidence of the W. L. I. had been misplaced, that the Tennessee marble had been polished up with varnish, and that the stone itself was not suited to stand the test of our climate; it was evident, that the names of the W. L. I. dead, of the war, would not be preserved to posterity, as intended, and for several years, there was a growing disappointment at this unexpected result.

New conditions, however, were being evolved—and in April, 1877, Gov. Hampton was recognized as Governor-elect, and a new order of public affairs was fortunately begun.

The post-bellum organizations of a "Charitable Association" and "Rifle Club" passed into a Re-chartered W. L. I. as a military corps: its officers were commissioned by Gov. Hampton. These W. L. I's of a new generation, backed by all the old W. L. I. influences, undertook in 1881 the renewal of the war monument, and the removal of the old one, which had become very unsightly. This, as it turned

out, proved a large undertaking, and involved thirteen years of effort to accomplish the present satisfactory result; many plans were evolved, and various resources appealed to in providing the four or five thousand dollars, with which to rear the new and imposing column in indestructible Carolina grey granite, and its records in gun-metal bronze.

It is an honor to record some of the incidents associated with the new monument. The ladies of Charleston were constant and devoted to this new Confederate work: *they have never furled their flags*; the General Assembly of South Carolina voted to the Corps a battle-scarred Confederate field-piece, for casting the five panels, one of which has been moulded into the Coat-of-Arms of the State, and adorns and symbolizes the south front of the column. The City Council in 1890, voted a site, in Washington Square, for this war memorial—the most central, desirable and appropriate in the city, and in the ensuing year sufficient progress had been made to begin this patriotic Company work. The following invitation was issued in anticipation of Washington's Birthday, 1891:

CHARLESTON, S. C., February 10, 1891.

The honor of your presence is requested at the Ceremony of the Laying of Corner Stone of the New Monument of THE WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY, in Washington Square, on Monday, the 23rd day of February, 1891, at eleven o'clock A. M.

Chas. H. Simonton, Chairman, Ex-Captain and President W. L. I. Veteran Association. C. P. Poppenheim, Frank E. Taylor, T. S. Inglesby, Company A, Hampton Legion Infantry, A. N. V. J. L. Honour, J. L. Sheppard, Wm. E. Holmes, Company A, 25th S. C. V. Henry I. Greer, T. G. Simons, M. D., A. Walton Taft, Company B, 25th S. C. V. Lewis M. Hatch, Ex-Capt. and Senior Member. [1835.] Wm. A. Courtenay, Ex-Captain. R. C. Gilchrist, Major W. L. I. Battalion. A. W. Marshall, Capt. Company A, W. L. I. Battalion. G. B. Edwards, Ex-Lieut., Secretary and Treasurer.

IN IMPERISHABLE GRANITE AND BRONZE.

The ceremonies on Washington's Birthday, in respect to the large audience assembled, and the deep interest manifested were most impressive. The ladies of Charleston were present in large numbers, and the windows and balconies of the City Hall and Fire-Proof Building and the spacious piazza of Ex-Capt. Henry Ravenel's former residence was crowded with fair spectators.

Promptly at 11 o'clock the military arrived, under command of Major Gilchrist.

The Battalion of Citadel Cadets, as escort, under command of Lieut. J. A. Towers, U. S. A.

First Company, Capt. Frost.

Second Company, Capt. Blythe.

Third Company, Capt. Mauldin.

Fourth Company, Capt. Whaley.

Fifth Company, Lieut. McCully.

Sixth Company, Lieut. Robertson.

W. L. I., Company A., Capt. Marshall.

W. L. I., Company B., Lieut. Cogswell.

Judge Simonton presided. On the platform were Ex-Gov. Hagood, Ex-Mayor Courtenay, Col. Coward, Col. Z. Davis, Maj. J. F. Hart, Capt. James Armstrong, J. L. Honour and the W. L. I. Veteran Association, Capt. Samuel Lord, Rev. C. S. Vedder, Prof. V. C. Dibble, Rev. E. C. Dargan.

Two flags, the Palmetto and the Stars and Stripes, were raised from poles erected at the north and south extremities of the enclosure—the emblems of fealty to the State and the Union. Over the northeast corner of the Monument's base the "Courtenay Colors" were hoisted, and just before Maj. Gilchrist (in the absence of Judge Simonton, who was detained at home by reason of indisposition) addressed the assembly, the standard-bearers advanced with the historic ensign of the Company, the Col. Wm. Washington flag of the first Revolution stood in line on the base of the Monument.

MAJ. GILCHRIST

then delivered the following address:

Ladies and Gentlemen, and Fellow-soldiers:

The first Monument erected in the South (and perhaps in the United States) to the dead of the war between the States was that reared in Magnolia Cemetery by the Washington Light Infantry to perpetuate the memories of their dead comrades, fourteen officers and 100 privates, in 1870.

The war ended in June, 1865, with the surrender of John-

ston to Sherman, but returning peace found the survivors of the two companies of the Washington Light Infantry captured at Fort Fisher, inmates of prison pens and forts at the North, and the others of Company A, Hampton Legion, wending their weary way to desolated homes. But no sooner did they come together in their dear old "City by the Sea," though military rule held high carnival here, and all avenues of trade were filled and controlled by aliens and strangers, even in 1865, we find the earnest spirit of the Washington Light Infantry active for reunion. It seemed to them a sacred duty to cherish the memories of those who had toiled with them in the weary march, stood by them on the crimson field of battle, and had laid down their lives in obedience to the call of duty, and in pledge of their sincerity. And, even more sacred still was the obligation to provide for the widows and orphans of their dear dead comrades.

The very first organization of Ex-Confederate soldiers was the Washington Light Infantry Charitable Association, founded in the early part of 1866, in obedience to this sentiment of duty. The first practical work undertaken was to care for the living, the widows and orphans of the Washington Light Infantry. For a long time the only Confederate pensioners were these. From a small beginning this has grown to a noble charity, and to-day thirty-one ladies receive substantial assistance. But while providing for the living they could not forget their dead; so they laboriously and persistently accumulated a fund with which to build a Monument. A successful Fair, given in 1868, made the effort practicable, and in 1870 the Monument of what was represented to be Tennessee marble, but which has proved but brown sandstone, was reared in Magnolia Cemetery.

It was with pride and pleasure that the Washington Light Infantry saw their long-cherished desires crowned with success, and they thought that the names of their comrades who had died in battle, in hospital or on the weary wayside, would be handed down to many succeeding generations.

Alas! the Monument erected by pious hands has not accomplished the end for which designed. Not a decade had passed when it was discovered that the disintegrating effect of the seacoast climate was eating away the soft material of which it is composed. The record on its sides became each day more illegible, and it was too evident that in a few years longer it would crumble into dust. Nothing remained to be done but to replace it with a memorial obelisk of gray granite from our own native hills, with the heroic names of the "unreturning brave" preserved to posterity in imperishable bronze. Silently and persistently, for years back, this object has been kept in view and striven for.

The fund gradually accumulated under the judicious management of Ex-Capt. Courtenay and Major Edwards. Ever generous and patriotic woman rendered effective assistance. The General Assembly of South Carolina unanimously contributed a brass Napoleon field-piece that had done good service in the Confederate war, and bore upon its muzzle the scars of battle, for the material of the memorial tablets, and the City Council kindly donated this appropriate site for an enduring record of the constancy and faithfulness to duty of those who "were of the very flower of this ancient city, her young hope and fair renown," and to-day, with the simple sacrifice of prayer alone, the corner-stone is laid, postponing the more important ceremonies to the day when the completed Monument shall be unveiled, which will commemorate the anniversary of the day when the first blood of the Washington Light Infantry was spilt and four members of Company A, Hampton Legion, laid down their lives on the soil of Virginia in defence of the Southland.

THE CHAPLAIN'S PRAYER.

The Rev. A. Toomer Porter, the venerable Chaplain of the Washington Light Infantry Battalion, made the following brief but touching prayer:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, who dost govern all things in heaven and earth, we, Thine unworthy servants, acknowledge our dependence upon Thee in all things, and

ask Thy blessing on all that we do. We are here in Thy presence to lay the corner-stone of a Monument which we hope will last for many generations, keeping alive the memory of those who died in the conscientious discharge of duties laid upon them by their State. We thank Thee for the good example of all those who having finished their course in faith do now rest from their labors. We pray that we be permitted to emphasize and perpetuate their example by building this Monument, and that it may serve as a constant memorial to teach all who look upon it that it is noble to give up even life for the maintenance of what we believe to be right. Grant us to whom is committed the duty of meeting the issues of the present, and to lay the foundations of peace, wealth and prosperity for the future, that we may have the wisdom to work according to Thy will, that we may both perceive and know what things we ought to do and also may have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE TWO CORNER-STONE BOXES.

The copper box, taken from the corner-stone of the first war Monument in Magnolia, was then deposited by Miss Lilly Honour in the opening left for that purpose at the northeast corner of the base of the new memorial, and by its side the new box was placed in its position by Mrs. George M. Trenholm, and as St. Michael's bells chimed out the hour of midday the corner-stone was lowered and cemented, the band playing "Dixie."

The new box contained a large assortment of relics in the shape of the following printed matter:

Gen. Hampton's oration and the Rev. Dr. Winkler's poem at the unveiling of the first Monument, June, 1870. Banner Song W. L. I.

W. L. I. Memorial Proceedings—W. D. Porter's A. O. Andrew's, Jas. Conner's, J. M. Carson's, B. F. Evans's, Wm. Thayer's, F. P. Salas's and M. P. O'Connor's orations, 1857-73; Dr. Gilman's sermon, 1857; Dr. J. W. Miles's sermon, 1874.

Reception to Gen. Hampton, 1877. Reception to W. H. F. Lee, and Courtenay Flag presentation, 1878.

Re-establishment Citadel Academy—Thompson's oration, 1879; Thomas's oration, 1883; Dr. Vedder's poem, "Ivry;" Yates Snowden's poem, "The Carolina Bourbon."

War history of the Charleston Light Dragoons; History of the Confederate Home School and Porter Academy and Reports, 1890, of High School; Addresses of the Rev. C. C. Pinckney, Julian Mitchel and A. Sachtleben, at the opening of the new school house, 1881; Archer's History of the Public Schools; Hayne's "Broken Battalions."

Defence of Charleston Harbor; Proceedings Survivors' Association.

Dedication of Memorial Hall, Enston Home; Dr. Brackett's Prayer; Mr. Bryan's Oration and Mr. Sass's Ode.

City Reports, 1889.

Proceeding of Centennial of Incorporation, August, 1883.

Accounts of Cyclone, 1885; Earthquake, 1886.

Circulars of Easter Fair, 1875; Circulars about Building Armory.

Centennial Legion papers; Mrs. Virginia French's poems, "Liberty Bells" and "Palmetto and Pine;" Rolls of Old Guard, Clinch Rifles, Boston Light Infantry and W. L. I., 28th June, 1876.

Accounts W. L. I. Festivals, 1878-88.

Copies of Company's orders for Gen. Hampton's reception, 1877; great Hampton parade, 1877; Annuity Certificates.

Cowpens' Monument Record, 1884; Invitations to Celebration; Concurrent Resolutions South Carolina Legislature; Correspondence with Grand Lodge of South Carolina, A. T. Smythe, G. M.; Cincinnati Society, etc.

Programme of Celebration; Photograph of Morgan Statue, presented by the United States Congress, cost \$20,000; Copy of the *News and Courier*, May 12, 1882, with Gen. Hampton's oration at Spartanburg.

Local maps: Lord Proprietor's Map of Carolina, 1672; Queen Anne Map, 1711; Sir Henry Clinton Military Map, 1780; DeSaussure's Siege of Charleston, 1880; Clinton's and Arbuthnot's Proclamations; Beauregard Military Map, 1861-65; Map of Harbor; Abbot's Report on Jetties.

Constitution and By-Laws of W. L. I. Veterans of Confederate war.

Constitution and By-Laws of W. L. I. Charitable Association, 1866.

Description of Easter Fair W. L. I. April, 1875.

Copy of the *News and Courier*, August 15, 1883, with Muckenfuss's account of Companies A and B in the Virginia and North Carolina Campaign.

A poetic tribute to the Confederate dead by Col. Theo. O'Hara.

Interest-bearing Confederate Notes.

The W. L. I. and Mount Vernon, 1884, \$1,000 contributed for South Carolina room.

W. L. I. ROLLS.

Rolls of the three companies of the war, complete.

Roll Fourth July, 1860, Capt. Simonton, 144 men.

Pay-rolls Companies A and B, 25th S. C. V., 6th February, 1882, on Confederate paper.

Roll 23d February, 1874, Capt. Courtenay, 95 men.

Roll April 19, 1877, Capt. Courtenay, 109 men, Hampton parade.

Rolls 1881-83, Capt. Marshall, with list of relics in Armory.

SPECIAL ROLLS ON VELLUM.

Roll W. L. I. Veterans, 1891.

Roll Company A, Hampton Legion Infantry, Capt. James Conner, elaborately ornamented by hand by daughters of Mr. C. P. Poppenheim, a member.

Roll trustees charity fund and list of assistants.

Roll 17th June, 1875, Capt. T. Y. Simons, at Bunker Hill, 71 men.

Roll 4th July, 1876, Capt. R. C. Gilchrist, at Philadelphia, 60 men.

Roll 11th May, 1881, Capt. G. D. Bryan, at Cowpens, 56 men.

Roll 19th October, 1882, Capt. A. W. Marshall, at Yorktown, 27 men.

Roll 16th and 23rd June, 1883, New York, New Haven, Hartford, Capt. A. W. Marshall, 40 men.

Roll 20th June, 1883, detachment 21 men, Camden, S. C.,
Lient. J. Lamb Johnston.

Roll 30th April, 1889, Maj. Gilchrist, Washington Centennial, New York, 36 men.

Roll 29th May, 1890, Major Gilchrist, Lee Monument, Richmond, 45 men.

Copy of Gen. Lee's farewell order, Appomattox, April 10, 1865.

Files of city papers, 23d February, 1891.

THE BENEDICTION

Was pronounced by the Rev. C. E. Chichester, after which the large gathering melted away. The Washington Light Infantry Battalion accompanied the cadets to the Citadel Academy before being dismissed, the line of march being through Broad and King Streets.

Just thirty years ago the echo of the guns of the first great battle for Southern liberty was dying out along the hills of old Virginia, the rays of the setting sun fell upon the proudly waving standards of the South, and the army of the Confederacy, flushed with victory, was just returning from pursuing the shattered and flying cohorts of the North. Among the foremost commands, which had on that great day given victory to the Confederate cause, was the Washington Light Infantry Volunteers, of Charleston. But animated, as they were, with the splendid success of the day, and filled with high and renewed hopes for the future of their country, there was yet a sadness in their hearts, for on that day, on that desperate field, the Washington Light Infantry had poured out its first blood in defence of its beloved Southland. It was, therefore, peculiarly fitting that the anniversary of the first battle of Manassas, the granite memorial to those brave men who, thus laid down their lives, should have been unveiled in the presence of the assembled city.

The committee in charge of the ceremonies, had done their work well, and by noon, every preparation had been made for the unveiling of the beautiful shaft in Washing-

ton Square. The stand had been erected just east of the shaft, which stood wrapped in the interwoven folds of the Stars and Stripes, the emblem of a once more united land, and the beloved old Palmetto flag, which recalled vividly the days of the past, when men went out to do battle for the State.

The hour appointed for the unveiling was six o'clock, and long before the time arrived, the stand was crowded with ladies, and the broad lawn of green, in the midst of which the graceful shaft is set, was filled with a throng of people, all eager to witness the ceremonies, and to pay their slight tribute to the memory of the unforgotten dead. Although the sun at this hour shone down with genuine summer fervor, on the unprotected heads of the multitude, the crowd continued to swell, until, long before the military arrived on the grounds, the square was filled, and the people overflowed into the adjoining streets.

THE MILITARY

Assembled at five o'clock at the Washington Light Infantry Armory, in King street. The W. L. I. Battalion, and the Clinch Rifles, of Augusta, formed one body of troops, under the command of Capt. A. W. Marshall, and headed the line of march. The company, 60 strong, was commanded by Capt. Julius E. Cogswell, while the Clinch Rifles, with 26 splendid looking soldiers, were under the command of Capt. W. W. Fry. The Sumter Guards, 47 men, Capt. T. T. Hyde; the German Artillery, 60 men, Capt. F. W. Wagener; and the Lafayette Artillery, 41 men, Capt. DuBos, acted as an escort, and at about half-past five, to the sound of music and drum, the line of march was taken down King street to Broad, thence into meeting, to the west entrance to the square. These gates were kept closed, until the distant sound of martial music gave warning of the approach of the soldiery. They were then thrown open, and in a few minutes the line, under the command of Major R. C. Gilchrist, who was mounted on a splendid coal black charger, wheeled into the square.

The Washington Light Infantry, of course, headed the

march, followed closely by the Clinch Rifles, resplendent in their magnificent uniforms, of green and gold, and showy helmets. Then came the Sumter Guards, their white bear-skin shakos shining in the afternoon sun, and their uniforms of Confederate grey recalling other scenes and times when it was no holiday affair to be a soldier in the service of South Carolina. The Guards were followed closely by the German Artillery, and the Lafayette Artillery. With the former company, was the Pioneer corps, a handful of gray-haired men, some of whom had seen service in more than one war on both sides of the Atlantic, and the fire of whose patriotism age could not quench.

The troops were brought to "attention," directly in front of the monument to the west, an enclosed area being reserved for them, and while in that position the W. L. I. Veteran Association and the Survivors' Association marched by and took seats in front of the stand under the shadow of the monument.

THE VETERANS.

The following members of the Veteran Association of the Washington Light Infantry were present:

Col. CHARLES H. SIMONTON, President.	
J. L. HONOUR, First Vice-President.	
D. B. GILLILAND, Secretary and Treasurer.	
The Rev. E. C. EDGERTON, Chaplain.	
E. W. LOYD,	J. L. SHEPPARD,
W. B. COWPERTHWAIT,	W. R. GREER,
H. I. GREER,	GERHARD RIECKE,
T. G. SIMONS, M. D.,	P. P. LOCKE,
WM. M. MUCKENFUSS,	D. C. MARSH,
W. L. SIMONS,	H. B. OLNEY,
F. W. RENNEKER,	R. MULLER,
T. P. LOWNDES,	JOHN HAAS,
R. R. SHAFFER,	E. F. BURNHAM,
W. H. STEINMEYER,	H. R. BODOW,
J. D. STOCKER,	J. S. BUNCH,
P. G. HASELL,	F. H. HONOUR,
F. W. MILLER,	G. McC. HONOUR,
C. B. JOHNSON,	F. E. TAYLOR,
A. J. BARTON,	WULLBRICK JONES,
C. HER ORTMANN,	C. L. ORTMANN,
F. J. ORTMANN,	W. F. ORTMANN,

MAIDENS FAIR TO SEE.

Immediately before the arrival of the troops, the following young ladies, representing the commanders of the company, whose names precede theirs, took seats on the stand, to be ready to pull the cords when the signal should be given. The last three named represented the three companies sent out by the Washington Light Infantry during the war :

1807. Capt. Wm. Lowndes—Miss Margaret W. Lowndes, great granddaughter.

1817. Capt. S. Lewis Simons—Miss Kate W. Simons, granddaughter.

1826. Capt. R. B. Gilchrist—Miss J. Augusta Gilchrist, granddaughter.

1834. Capt. Henry Ravenel—Miss Bessie P. Ravenel, granddaughter.

1839. Capt. B. M. Lee—Miss Susan R. Lee, granddaughter.

1840. Capt. Wm. Jervey—Miss Amaryllis Jervey, granddaughter.

1843. Capt. W. D. Porter—Miss Georgie L. Porter, daughter.

1849. Capt. Joseph Walker—Miss Annie H. Smith, granddaughter.

1857. Capt. C. H. Simonton—Miss Caroline S. Alston, granddaughter.

1861. Capt. Jas. Conner—Miss Mary F. Conner, daughter.

1862. Capt. T. M. Logan—Miss Lena Logan, of Richmond, Va., daughter.

1864. Capt. R. S. Hanahan—Miss Annie G. Hanahan, daughter.

1872. Capt. W. A. Courtenay—Miss Julia Courtenay, daughter.

1874. Capt. T. Y. Simons—Miss Helen J. Simons, granddaughter.

1876. Capt. R. C. Gilchrist—Miss Annie G. Gilchrist, daughter.

1879. Capt. G. D. Bryan—Miss Rebecca D. Bryan, daughter.

1882. Capt. A. W. Marshall—Miss Annie W. Marshall, daughter.

1888. Capt. W. Lucas Simons—Miss Carrie Simons, niece.

1889. Capt. J. T. Flint—Miss Bessie Flint, daughter.

Company A, 25th S. C. V.—Miss Carrie O. Olney, Miss Daisy Sheppard.

Company A, Hampton Legion Infantry—Miss Mary P. Poppenheim, Miss Sallie Inglesby.

Company B, 25th S. C. V.—Miss Edith C. Greer, Miss Belle Grice.

It was a matter of much regret, that Gen. T. M. Logan, of Richmond, could not be present. Mrs. Logan occupied a seat on the stand as a guest of the company, while Miss Logan was one of the young ladies who unveiled the shaft.

ON THE STAND.

In addition to these young ladies, there were on the stand: The Hon. James Simons, Ex-Mayor Courtenay, the Hon. Charles Inglesby, Corporation Counsel; the Rev. C. C. Pinckney, D. D., President of the South Carolina Historical Society and of the South Carolina Cincinnati; Brig. Gen. T. A. Huguenin and Staff; Col. A. G. Magrath and Staff; Mayor Bryan and the City Council, and many other persons of distinction.

THE CEREMONIES.

Promptly at six o'clock, Major Gilchrist, standing on the pedestal, beside Judge Simonton, the orator of the occasion, gave the preconcerted signal, and the band struck up "Dixie." The guns of the Lafayette Artillery, in Chalmers street, mingled their warlike roar with the merry chiming of St. Michael's bells, and twenty-five young ladies pulled the cords; the folds of the great flags fell aside; the halyards on the lofty flagstaff were hauled taut, and in a moment the shaft stood unveiled, while far above it floated the mingled colors of the State and the Union. A tremendous outburst of applause greeted the unveiling, which lasted for several minutes.

When quiet was restored, Major Gilchrist introduced the Rev. E. C. Edgerton, of Aiken, who offered a prayer.

INTRODUCING THE ORATOR.

Maj. Gilchrist then introduced the Hon. C. H. Simonton, the orator of the occasion, as follows:

On this day, thirty years ago, the Washington Light Infantry received its baptism of blood when H. A. Middleton, Gabriel Jervey, G. L. Phelps, and Henry Blankensee, in Company A, Hampton Legion, laid down their lives on the battlefield of Manassas. This shaft has been erected to preserve in imperishable granite and bronze their names

and the names of the others of our one hundred and fourteen dead who, thereafter, on forty-one battlefields of the Confederacy, in hospitals, or on the weary wayside, died in obedience to a sentiment of honor and the call of duty. It has, therefore, seemed to be most fitting that these ceremonies should take place on this very day, the anniversary of the first battle of Manassas. We could almost hear this morning the salvos of artillery and resounding huzzas that welcomed at Lexington, Va., the unveiled statue of the hero of Bull Run and Manassas, the idol of the South, Stonewall Jackson. So that, in spite of heat and consequent discomfort, we have invited you, ladies and gentlemen and fellow soldiers, to assemble with us to-day to do honor to their memory. The heroic deeds of the three companies of the W. L. I., that by no means distinguish them above the other brave commands who, as well did their devoir in 1861-65, will be recounted by him, who commanded the 25th Regiment, S. C. V., in which the Washington Light Infantry men served in Companies A. and B. At the unveiling of the other monument, which we placed in Magnolia Cemetery in 1870, (the first erected in the United States, either at the North or South), and which has succumbed to the touch of time, the gallant hero and commander of the Hampton Legion did justice to the W. L. I., as he knew it: and now the other commander, under whom the two companies of the war, 25th Regiment, served on other fields, will complete the record, and, so far as time will allow will show why the company, which sprang into existence 1807 under William Lowndes, claims to be of that

“Immortal few who were not born to die.”

I introduce the Hon. C. H. Simonton, late Colonel of the 25th Regiment, S. C. V.

Judge Simonton's address was not only most eloquent, but was an invaluable contribution to the history of the Washington Light Infantry, and, therefore, to the history of the service of South Carolina in the field during the war. He said:

JUDGE SIMONTON'S ORATION.

Gentlemen of the Washington Light Infantry:

Comrades of the Veterans:

On this beautiful summer's afternoon we unveil a permanent memorial of our dead. The monument erected in Magnolia with so much effort nearly a quarter of a century ago, was among the first of its character in the South. It

has proved to be of perishable material. Providentially we are able to substitute for it, this shaft of imperishable granite, the product of our native soil. May it remain through many generations, the faithful witness of our affection for our comrades.

At the dedication of the first monument, we were honored by the presence of Wade Hampton, and heard from his lips an eloquent exposition of the principles and the motives for which the Confederate Soldier put his life in peril. He discussed the causes which led up to the war and paid the tribute of a soldier and a statesman to its dead heroes. Ours is a more humble, but not less interesting task. A few survivors of a stormy period, we gather for the last time around this commemorative shaft in tender memory of the friends and companions of our boyhood and early manhood. We pay the tribute of affection. Again we feel the sense of personal bereavement. Nearly every name on that monument recalls some one of our personal friends. Many of them had been in the old company before the war, had met with us at drills, parades and company meetings, and had sat with us around the same festal board. We can recall their familiar features, their well known names, the tones of their voices, their personal characteristics. They shared with us the jest and frolic, the toil, of our holiday excursions. How this occasion brings back to us the memory of our long lost youth, its aspirations and its hopes, its careless enjoyment of the present, its confident encounter with the threatening future. In this halcyon period, these men heard the call of the State, to arms. Reared in a community which recognized the superior authority of the State, without any hesitation they obeyed the call. To them it was a simple question of duty. They gave the best proof of their sense of its obligation, their lives.

I propose on this occasion, appealing as it does so much to our affections and so full of touching associations to confine myself to our family history, to tell in a few brief words the story of our three companies in the war between the States. We arrogate for them no superior place. We lay claim to no unusual merit, to no marked excellence, no

special service. That grand army of which they formed a part was an army of unnamed heroes, was filled with able men content to march in the ranks, to encounter without reward or hope of reward, the toils and perils, and suffering of a private soldier, but one motive guiding them, duty to their State, one hope sustaining them, that their cause would succeed. The history of each regiment composing that army was the same. From every rank in life in our Southland they went, filled with enthusiastic patriotism, caring nothing for the questions disturbing politicians and statesmen, knowing only that their country was invaded, ready to meet any odds. At first they were borne along in the flush of victory; at the end they were in calm despair. At no time, under no circumstances, were they faltering or false to the cause for which they had pledged their all.

The Washington Light Infantry, a volunteer militia company, owed its origin to the burst of patriotic indignation which swept the country upon the encounter of the Chesapeake with the Leopard. The Leopard skin so long a part of our uniform, commemorates this. William Lowndes was then at the opening of that brilliant career, which would have borne him the Presidency but for his untimely death. He organized the company and his character and genius gave it its first impulse. Through many years it enjoyed and profited by the influence of successive, excellent Captains, the bold and energetic Cross, the accomplished Wm. Crafts, S. Lewis Simons, a valued and public spirited citizen, W. H. Miller, the accomplished merchant, the learned and popular Gilchrist, Henry Raveuel, fitting representative of a pure Huguenot ancestry, the calm and incorruptible B. M. Lee, Wm. Jervey, the model Southern gentleman, the accomplished W. D. Porter, profound lawyer, gifted orator, distinguished statesman, Joseph Walker, energetic, active and accurate, L. M. Hatch, with his laborious study of and genius for war. Its social position and influence were remarkable. With ranks always full, and with an unquenchable esprit du corps, it maintained during all the years of its existence the well earned and well deserved reputation of a Crack Military Company.

Originally formed for service and kept always well equipped, it was used during two National Wars and on many occasions of Civil Disturbance. The militia system of the State was in excellent condition, and details were constantly made from Brigade and Division Headquarters. In these details, the Washington Light Infantry frequently appeared. When, therefore, the troublous time of 1860 began, and the State was in the ferment presaging war the logical result of circumstances brought the Washington Light Infantry to the front, and they were the very first called upon for duty. Early in November, 1860, they were sent to guard the Charleston Arsenal. They were then detailed to do patrol duty between Sumter and Moultrie; they were in the detachment which took possession of and manned Castle Pinckney. The Gun upon the Star of the West called them to Morris Island, and as a company of the Regiment of Rifles, they did their part during the whole of the operations around Sumter.

What a holiday campaign that was, with what appliances and comfort did we begin the first days of the war. A rude awakening was before us. How few dreamed when the first gun was heard opening the siege of Sumter that its sound would re-echo through this broad land, summoning a nation to arms, inaugurating a struggle in which the traditions and habits, the institutions and wealth, the result of a century and a half would be swept away forever. The first realizing sense of the work before us came when we bade God speed to the Washington Light Infantry Volunteers on their start for Virginia. This our first contribution to the Confederate Army, left Charleston for Columbia in May, 1861, and was the first company reporting for duty in the afterward renowned Hampton Legion, and became and is known as Company A, in that veteran command. To no better man could have been entrusted the good name of the Washington Light Infantry than James Conner, who went out as their Captain. With large personal influence, unquestionable courage, great self control, firm, just, considerate, he was an ideal commander. Then he began the career which by force of unusual merit carried him through

all inferior grades to the post of Brigadier. In which he won while living, the respect, confidence and affection of State, and which put a whole community in mourning for his death.

The story of the Washington Light Infantry Company A, of the Legion would be the history of the Army of Northern Virginia. It was among the very first of the organizations which formed that Army. It followed the fortunes of Lee and Jackson, of Johnson and Longstreet from the first Manassas and its remnant surrendered at Appomattox. One hundred and fifty-two officers and men served with it. It gave three Brigadiers to the Confederate Army. In twenty-five pitched battles, on very many a weary march, footsore, barefoot, starving in the winter camp, staining the snow with bloody footsteps, in the sweltering trenches they exhibited the highest and best qualities of the soldier, and acquired for themselves a reputation of which we may well be proud. Our roll of Captains has no names more honored than Conner, Logan or Thomas.

To-day has been selected for our present purpose because it is the anniversary of the first battle in which blood was shed in the Washington Light Infantry—Henry Blankensee, G. L. Phelps, Gabriel Jervey and Henry A. Middleton, Jr. The war found Mr. Middleton a successful planter in Georgetown. He had raised a company of Cavalry for service. Impatient to be at the front, he resigned his position and volunteered as a private in Company A of the Legion. At the first Manassas he fell mortally wounded. In his own person he gave one more instance of devotion to South Carolina, which has characterized his family—which has interwoven their name with that of the State from the earliest period of colonial history. There is one name on this monument, a private in Company A, of the Legion, a stranger to many of us, which, even in this hurried sketch, deserves mention. Oscar Lieber, the eldest son of Dr. Francis Lieber, was reared from early boyhood within the walls of the South Carolina College. Associated with several generations of students he imbibed all the tastes and feelings, the principles and prejudices of these friends of

his boyhood. Graduating at that College, his marked ability and acquirements created frequent demands for his services in this and in the Gulf States, and he became the State Geologist. When the war broke out he volunteered in Company A. His distinguished father, forgetful of his own stormy youth and that he was an exile from the fatherland, because of his political opinions, denounced his son as a traitor and rebel, disowned and repudiated all relationship with him. He suffered his son to die of his wounds, affectionately and tenderly nursed, it is true, but by strangers in blood to him, and shut his ears to any report of his son's last hours. We, the children of the soil, may have made sacrifices. We were supported by the sympathy of those nearest and dearest to us. Lieber, when he followed his convictions, made sacrifice and shipwreck of all the ties which men hold most dear.

One other name cannot be passed over in silence. Theodore Klinck entered a boy into the ranks of the old Company and had the affection of all of us. In the enthusiasm of his nature he preferred the prospect of immediate active service in Virginia, and no better man followed the lead of Conner. His courage and ability attracted the notice of his Commanders and he gave promise of an honorable career. He fell on the field of battle a young martyr to the lost cause. His venerable father had not recovered from this sacrifice, when he was called again to mourn for his first born son, John Klinck, Jr., whose blood also stained the soil of Virginia.

After the departure of the Volunteers for Virginia the Company remained for some months, a part of the Rifle Regiment and did duty on the Sea Islands in front of, and below Charleston. In February, 1862, they volunteered into Confederate Service. So full were its ranks and so great was the popularity of the Company, so earnest and universal the enthusiasm pervading the whole community that two full Companies, one hundred and twenty-five men each, went out as Companies A, and B. Washington Light Infantry. They were a splendid body of men, young, intelligent, well drilled, many of them fit for positions of command. Ordered

at once into service in the Eutaw Battalion, afterward 25th Regiment, they were on Coles' Island, Battery Island and on James Island. The duties performed by this Regiment were perhaps the most trying to which a soldier, certainly a volunteer soldier, can be exposed. There was little of the glow and excitement of constant and actual conflict, the din of arms and the fierce delight of battle. Day and night they were at the outpost, at the entrance of the most direct road to Charleston, the eyes and ears of the Commanding General, watching each movement of a powerful, active and brave adversary. For months at a time they were the only Infantry regiment on this part of the defence of the city, and upon them was the most grave responsibility. The picket lines were in sight of and within easy reach of the enemy. Being on the Stono and the estuaries connected with it, they were exposed to constant attacks from gunboats and to the formidable armament of the ships of war.

They lived in a deadly climate, against whose poisonous atmosphere they could take no precaution. Standing on the defensive, they could only endure and be patient, repressing the eager desire, whetted by news from other quarters, to go into active service where, at the least, they could attack as well as defend. During this weary period there were episodes which relieved the monotony. With their regiment these two companies took part in movements of troops within the military district and in North Carolina. On their return, they were in the engagement preliminary to the battle of Secessionville, and took their full part in that complete victory. Here they met their first losses in battle. Among them Richard Walsh Greer, gentle, amiable, affectionate, than whom no better man wore the grey. Fleetwood Lanneau, Jr., cut down in the glory and bloom of promising manhood, and that Christian soldier, Taverner, the gallant Englishman who fell fighting in defence of the homes of his friends. Then came Wagner. Against this lonely outpost of Sumter the whole power of a magnificently equipped Federal army, and of the navy of iron clads, had exhausted itself. Exposed in front to constant artillery fire and the rifles of sharp shooters, and on the flank to the

heaviest naval bombardment then known in civilized war, its defence tested the courage of the bravest. Companies A and B, with the rest of their regiment, did their tour of duty in this famous fortress, and the blood of their dead reddened its sands. Here Lieut. R. A. Blum lost his life. A member of a large and influential German family of Charleston, he exhibited in a high degree the best qualities of the race from which he came. To its traditional courage he added honesty of soul, patience, firmness and unfaltering fidelity. At the last service of the regiment in Wagner, the approaches against the fort had been completed, and the last trench had reached its walls. It had served its full purpose and had become untenable. Any further occupation would have involved unnecessary loss of life. At the dead of night, in a silence interrupted only by an occasional shell or the buzz of a bullet, the companies of the 25th regiment and the rest of the garrison quietly left the fort and proceeded to the landing. The order had been given that the dead must be left. But Lieut. Berger was determined that Blum should sleep with his fathers. Raising his friend in his arms he took his place with Company B, the right company of the regiment, and the dead Lieutenant led the evacuation. It was accomplished without loss. The last men to leave the Island were J. L. Honour and Lieut. J. A. Ross, of Company A. These companies formed a part of the garrison of Sumter on several occasions, and have earned the right to put its name on this memorial stone. Those of us who are survivors can even now recall the shudder with which we learned that eleven young men of our companies, crushed under its crumbling walls, found a sudden and awful death in Fort Sumter. Well may any troops who served in these two forts, Sumter and Wagner, be proud of the record. So long as American history shall be read the unflinching courage, heroic endurance, desperate resistance against overwhelming odds, fearless disregard of death in almost every form which the garrisons of these forts exhibited during the long months of almost hopeless struggle, will attract the attention and command the admiration of our countrymen, whether they or their ancestors wore the blue or the grey.

The tide of the war at last set for these two companies toward Virginia, and the impatient hopes of them and the other companies in their regiment were gratified. On the first of May, 1864, composing a part of Hagood's most efficient and excellent brigade, they took up the line of march, and upon reaching Petersburg at once went into action.

In rapid succession they were engaged at Swift's Creek, Port Walthall Junction, Drury's Bluff, City Point, Bermuda Hundreds and Gaines's Mills, and took part in and witnessed the terrible repulse and slaughter of Grant's army at Cold Harbor. In these engagements Hagood's Brigade proved the completeness of their preparations for active duty on the battlefield. The 25th Regiment did its full share in seconding the ability and increasing the reputation of its war loving Brigadier, and in the 25th Regiment Companies A and B did not have an inferior place. They were worthy comrades of Pressley, Glover, Sellers, Gordon, China, Lesesne, and the brave Hammonds, Harper, Mazyek, Bartless, Izlar and the gallant Dibble. And in every engagement they obtained the praise of their commanding officers. At the beginning of their Virginia campaign Bomar and Taft, Lieutenants of Company B, lost their lives. Both young, promising and brave, they were excellent specimens of Southern manhood. Taft had in him the blood of New England, and all the cool daring and sturdy pluck of his race. Bomar represented the best blood of Upper Carolina, as chivalrous as Bayard and as modest as a woman. Both fell cheering on their men, in the flush of victory and with the light of battle on their faces. From Cold Harbor the brigade returned to Petersburg, and were among the troops which met Grant's first advance against that historic city, digging the first trenches in its defence. Thenceforward for some months they remained under General Lee, and shared in the defence of Richmond and Petersburg. The world will never know the complete measure of the heroism of Lee's army. Shut up in the trenches around Petersburg and Richmond, ill fed and scantily clad, opposed by troops thoroughly equipped and

provided with every necessity, veterans of an hundred battles, and knowing as well as their commanding General that the siege could have but one end, every mail bringing them tales of distress and suffering at home, to many of them of burning homesteads and houseless families, they kept up a stubborn resistance watchfully and successfully resisting every attack, at times themselves attacking and at all times defying cold, hunger, danger, death and fate itself. In one of these sorties, that on the Weldon Railroad, Hagood's Brigade took a leading part under the eye and following the example of its brave Commander. Its Companies were almost destroyed. There fell James A. Ross, Lieutenant of Company A. His impatience to be with his men, dragged him from a bed of sickness and sent him to the battle field. Reporting just as the fight was ordered he joined his Company in the charge on the impregnable earth-works and foremost fighting fell. A nobler spirit never breathed. With no other motive than his own sense of duty, he sacrificed the comforts of a luxurious home and all the pleasures wealth could give, for the dangers and privations of the camp. He sleeps in an unknown grave. His memory is enshrined in the hearts of his comrades. On this shaft is no name more honored and loved than his.

When Sherman's march to the Sea endangered Lee's rear, Hagood's Brigade was sent to the defence of Wilmington and the 25th Regiment was detailed as part of the Garrison of Fort Fisher. When that Fortress was captured by storm the whole Regiment on duty were killed or captured. A very small remnant, among them a few men and officers of Companies A and B reported for duty with the Brigade and in a few weeks afterward at Town Creek near Wilmington, these were captured after a days' fighting with all of Hagood's Brigade except Kion's Regiment. Thenceforward they endured the sufferings of prison life at Elmira, Fort Delaware and Point Lookout until the war ended. They returned with broken fortunes to their desolated homes. Cast down, but not forsaken, discomfited, but not dismayed. So strong, however, was their Company spirit, that their first act was to reorganize under their Company's name the

Charitable Association. And in the midst of their poverty to set apart from their sparse incomes a provision for the families of their dead companions. Here their story ends.

During the entire period of their service they kept up their Company traditions and observed regularly their Anniversary, the 22nd of February; in Camp, on the march, under the hail of shot and shell in Sumter. And in February, 1865, the small remnant on its way to a Northern prison, gathered on the sands of Fort Fisher and drank to "the day we celebrate" in the only beverage allowed to prisoners of war.

There is a name on our roll, not however on this Monument which rises at once in our memories whenever we recall the war history of Companies A and B. No officer was closer to the hearts of his men than James M. Carson, Captain of Company A. Commanding them from the day they enlisted until they were captured, sensitively alive to their interests, he shared their dangers and privations and encouraged and strengthened them by his own example. They loved him with corresponding devotion and when not many months ago he finished his earthly course, they mourned him as one does a father.

Such, gentlemen of the Washington Light Infantry, is an imperfect account of the men who bore your name. This Monument with its triple steps, forming the base and the three sections constituting the Shaft, represents the three Companies. The inscription in a few eloquent words tells their story. "Officers and men they were the very flower of this Ancient City, her young hope and fair renown." "Beside the maimed, wounded and captured, one hundred and fourteen died in battle, in hospital or on the weary way-side. In obedience to a sentiment of honor and the call of duty and in pledge of their sincerity they made the last sacrifice, they laid down their lives."

They redeemed the pledge given by the Captain of our Company to the widow of William Washington when she placed the flag of Eutaw and Cowpens in our keeping.

Never cease to honor their memory.

AN HISTORIC INCIDENT.

A badge of white gros-grain silk, printed in crimson and blue, thus combining the colors of the Confederate flag, was worn by the young ladies unveiling the Monument and by the veterans and chief guests of the occasion, with the following inscription :

“ No nation rose so white and fair
None fell so pure of crime.”

(W. L. I. Coat of Arms.)

W. L. I.—1860-65.

Their new War Monument Unveiled in Washington Square
on the
30th Anniversary of “ First Manassas,
Where their first blood was shed,
21st July, 1861.

“ *Fortuna non mutat genus*.”

“ Finis Coronat Opus.”

THE COMPLETED MONUMENT.

THE FINAL CEREMONIES IN THE DEDICATION OF THE
BRONZE PANELS. THE “W. L. I.” FAITHFUL TO
THEIR DEAD OF THE “WAR BETWEEN
THE STATES.”

The one hundred and eighteenth (118) anniversary of the victory on Sullivan’s Island, 28th June, 1776, when Col. Moultrie defeated the British fleet under Sir Peter Parker, was observed in Charleston by a ceremonial, commemorative of military achievements as glorious as those of another century. As the men of 1776–83 fought for civil liberty and the right of self-government, so their descendents in 1860–65 asserted their rights and laid down their lives for like sentiments: the first, are eulogized as patriots; the last, are identified with a “lost cause.”

“Carolina Day” has an added lustre by the spirited ceremonies in Washington Square on 28th June, 1894, as will appear in reading the final proceedings of thirteen years of patriotic work.

As the golden sunshine was sinking in the west and the bells of venerable St. Michael’s were chiming with patriotic airs, thousands were gathering in this central public square, to witness the last act which completed a public memorial of imperishable materials, leaving to the latest posterity the proud records of three W. L. I. Companies, who wore

“THE JACKET OF GREY.”

The Washington Light Infantry with their colors, the remnant of W. L. I. Veterans in citizens dress surrounding the shaft, the mayor and aldermen, venerable citizens the names of whose dead were on the Monument, for all time,

and the always faithful ladies of Charleston, with a concourse of citizens equal to the capacity of the square, were present to honor "the unreturning brave."

At half-past six o'clock, Major A. W. Marshall commanding W. L. I., ascended the base of the Monument, and introduced the Rev. G. R. Brackett, who had been invited to officiate as chaplain of the day. Dr. Brackett invoked the Divine blessing in an appropriate prayer.

Major Marshall then pronounced the following eloquent and spirited address :

Ladies of Charleston, Veterans of the Confederacy,

Fellow Soldiers and Citizens :

A few years ago it was my good fortune to be in Brussels, the beautiful capital of Belgium, and a friend conducted me to see the martyrs' monument. It is a beautiful structure erected, as our monument is, in the heart of the city, and the words *pro patria*, standing out in bold relief, plaintively reminded the passers by that those men died for their country. This monument is one of the martyr monuments of the Confederate States and wisely has our City Council acted in not only donating the site to the memory of Confederate heroes, but we trust in beautifying and fostering it.

We are assembled, my friends, this afternoon to unveil the bronze tablets which complete the second W. L. I. War Monument. The Washington Light Infantry had the honor of erecting the first monument to Confederate dead that was erected in the State, and possibly in the South. Many of you remember the graceful proportions of that monument which stood for years in Magnolia Cemetery, but the stone proved very defective, and in a few more years it would have crumbled away. Foreseeing such a catastrophe, some of the leading spirits of the W. L. I., most conspicuous among whom was Ex-Capt. Wm. A. Courtenay, decided that another and a more enduring monument should record the war deeds of the Washington Light Infantry.

The present monument, which we complete to-day, is the result of their labors, and while the spirits of our fallen heroes could worthily sing with Horace, "*Ex egi monumentum*

aere perrennius,” we at least can boast that in their memory we have erected a monument as enduring as brass, yea, of brass and granite itself, trusting that for all time to come it will preach and teach to succeeding generations that these men did their whole duty to the Southern Confederacy; that these men gave up their lives for the Lost Cause.

Let us then reverently unveil these tablets and allow the enduring bronze to begin at once the solemn duty of publishing to the world the valor and virtue of the Washington Light Infantry.

The closing of Maj. Marshall's remarks was the signal for the unveiling of the tablets, which was done under the supervision of Ex-Capt. Wm. A. Courtenay and Maj. Geo. B. Edwards, who had been most active in having the monument and tablets completed.

Major Marshall then presented the orator of the day, the Rev. A. Toomer Porter, D. D., the Chaplain of the Corps.

THE ORATION.

Ladies and Gentlemen :

Members of the Washington Light Infantry :

In gathering here to commemorate the completion of this Monument, erected by you to perpetuate the memory of those gallant men whose names are inscribed on these bronze tablets, now permanently placed, we are linking ourselves with the custom of all the ages. Far away in antiquity and down the years of history men of all nationalities have honored themselves by raising monuments as memorials of gallant deeds and useful lives. They have shown themselves capable of appreciating the valor and the virtue of those who have adorned the annals of time by their noble lives or their heroic deaths, evidencing that they were emulating the characters of those whose memory they did not wish to lose, and rearing as silent but instructive teachers to future generations these tokens of a people's gratitude and admiration of lives well spent, inciting those who follow after to so live that if occasion should arise they may play their part in life's drama that they too shall deserve to be kept in loving remembrance.

You are to be congratulated that you have brought to successful issue your laudable endeavors to do honor to those who bore your name and carried your flag, not only in the piping times of peace, but through the hurricane of war. You have honored your old Chaplain by asking him to make the address at this your last act in this direction. You do not look for oratory or eloquence from him, but will be content, I hope, with a brief review of the history of your corps before and since the civil war.

There is a piece of

LEOPARD SKIN

worn on your caps, which your corps has kept as an object lesson to succeeding generations. Eighty-seven years ago the grandfathers of the present generation were startled in the midst of their routine life by the report that the British frigate Leopard had fired into the American ship Chesapeake off the Capes of Virginia. Just as the country was in a blaze when it was known that Major Anderson in December, 1860, had evacuated Fort Moultrie and had occupied Fort Sumter, so our ancestors felt at this unwelcome news. Some of us have not forgotten our emotions in 1860, and we can sympathize with the men of 1807, and understand how they quickly flew to arms. Those men were the sons of those who with the thirteen colonies had achieved their independence: it was only twenty-four years since that independence had been recognized by Great Britain; and here in the early manhood of the next generation the roar of British cannon was again sounding on these shores.

That shot from the Leopard was the signal gun of the second war of independence. Volunteer companies were formed everywhere and tendered to the government: many were organized in Charleston, among them the Washington Light Infantry sprang into life, and it was a vigorous life, for there has never been a day and never an occasion from that hour to this that the W. L. I. was not there to discharge its duty. Through all the changes of these eventful years it has never been disbanded, and of all those companies then organized it alone survives.

Wm. Lowndes, foremost among the first of men, the author of the sentiment, "The Presidency is an office to be neither sought or declined," jurist, orator, statesman, presided at the first meeting and was elected Captain. An enthusiastic member of that first meeting exclaimed: "Remember the Leopard!" and the corps has remembered it to this day—and that is the way it got to be your badge. It tells that your fathers were true to their country in the hour of her need, and that you, their sons, are animated by the same principles to day. Never give up the leopard skin. There is magic in a symbol.

THE EUTAW FLAG.

Sixty-seven years ago the widow of Col. Wm. Washington summoned this corps to her residence on South Bay, where the family of our late esteemed townsman, Robert Mure, now reside, and placed in their custody the battle flag of her late husband,

"Which at Eutaw shown so bright,
And as a dazzling meteor swept
Thro' the Cowpens' deadly fight."

And this second symbol, this crimson flag, is here with you. But the story of its glory is too long to be told to-day.

During the exciting times of Nullification the W. L. I. ranged itself on the side of the Union. There were good men and true on either side, but the logic of events has proven they were wise in their decision. Through fifty years your corps was composed of the leading men of this community and enjoyed its confidence and received its honors. This corps went to share the dangers, for there was little glory.

IN THE SEMINOLE WAR

in Florida, and Lieut. Wm. Blanding, of the W. L. I., led the Charleston company to Mexico and fought in the immortal Palmetto Regiment, which shed a lustre of glory on the State of South Carolina. For thirty years before 1860 the muttering of the coming storm was heard through this whole land. It has been put into an aphorism, "the irrepressible conflict." Men jeered the term and ridiculed it

when W. H. Seward first gave utterance to the sentence, but few now will dispute that he summed it all in three words.

THE CIVIL WAR.

But the hour came, the clock had struck, a sectional President was elected on 7th November, 1860. Judge Magrath threw off his judicial robe as Federal Judge. The Federal District Attorney, Capt. James Conner, member of the W. L. I., resigned. We all lost our heads in the wild excitement of those days. A few, a very few, looked on aghast, unsympathetic and full of dire forebodings, but they kept silent and in the deepest retirement. The popular resentment was so vehement and so emphatically expressed, Governor Pickens thought it would produce some action on the part of the General Government, and that the arms in the United States Arsenal would be removed by the United States Government, so on the 12th November he detailed the W. L. I. to keep guard over the Arsenal in Ashley Street. The W. L. I. had from its inception till then been loyal to the Union, but underlying its very life was its love for and devotion to South Carolina; and there was no hesitation then, at the call of the Governor, to answer to his summons, though its guns were loaded to shoot, not against South Carolinians, but against the armies of a nation. They garrisoned this Arsenal for several weeks. This was the first corps ordered on military duty in the late war. Major Anderson, after setting fire to Fort Moultrie, had evacuated it, in the night of 25-26th December, and had occupied Fort Sumter.

Capt. Chas. H. Simonton, now Circuit Judge of the Federal Court, was the commander. In 1860, on 26th December, after service at the Arsenal, with other troops, the W. L. I. were ordered to occupy Castle Pinckney. The Rt. Rev. Ellison Capers, D. D., now assistant Bishop of this diocese, who was there as an officer in 1st Regiment Rifles, tells in a somewhat humorous way, the story of the execution of this order. In the first chapters of what became so tragic a volume there were many things grotesquely ludicrous, which ought to be written and transmitted by the

actors and witnesses, alas, so fast passing from the stage of life. In March, 1861, the W. L. I. were ordered to Sullivan's Island and occupied Fort Washington at the extreme northeastern end of the Island, and were on duty there 170 strong when the fleet for the relief of Fort Sumter appeared off the bar. When we think of what came after, it tells the story of what we thought the war was going to be by looking over our bills of supply, furnished by our old friends, Messrs. Klinek & Wickenburg, in which Spanish olives and *pate de foi gras* and champagne and Spanish cigars have a conspicuous place. If we began with such ideas, dear comrades, whose memory we would keep alive by this granite shaft, and whose names are graven on these tablets of bronze, but what privations you endured, what suffering you experienced before the supreme sacrifice of your lives, for your country and her cause.

ON TO VIRGINIA.

The question had arisen, What companies should go to Virginia? A meeting of the W. L. I. was called to consider their duty in the matter, but in view of the anticipated impending invasion of the State it was determined the time had not come for the whole command to go. A portion of the company dissented from the decision, and T. M. Logan, Theo. Klinek and Wm. Dotterer, with your Chaplain, crystallized that dissent. Some fifty of the old command organized and after some delay Mr. Benjamin J. Johnson was elected Captain. The next morning at the request of the company, which had taken the name of the W. L. I. Volunteers, I started off to Mr. Johnson's plantation, some eighteen miles from Mount Pleasant.

I arrived there towards evening, and I have often had some qualms of conscience since. I was welcomed with old time Southern hospitality, they not dreaming what my errand was. We spent a pleasant evening; it was a happy, Christian family. It was the last such evening of that household. The evening was closed with family prayer, a good old custom of the olden days, I fear much neglected in what some call the New South. The household servants

brought in their benches and joined in the evening devotions, singing the hymns and uniting in the Lord's Prayer. These were slaves. After the family retired, I broke to Mr. Johnson the purport of my visit, and tendered to him the unanimous election as Captain of the W. L. I. Volunteers. Long and earnest was our discussion, and the day had nearly dawned ere we retired. He wished to consult his wife. I told him I must leave early in the morning with his decision. Immediately after breakfast we walked out and he told me he had determined to accept and would be with us the next evening at the Military Hall in Wentworth Street. I had given Lieut. Logan a signal which would mean acceptance. So I stood in the bow of the steamer, and long before we reached the wharf I had given him the signal and he had rushed off to the bulletin boards and put up the notice and summoned the men. We met. The enthusiasm was intense. A number of men applied to join the company, and we adjourned to meet the Captain the following evening. I had presided at every meeting from the first till then. The meeting was held at the Military Hall. We knew Capt. Johnson had arrived, and was in the building. A committee went out to bring him in. We waited long. Lieut. Logan came and called me out. Capt. Johnson had on his arrival in the city received a telegram from Columbia from Col. Wade Hampton tendering to him the position of Lieutenant Colonel of his Legion. He told us he felt bound to us, but left it to us to decide. Klinek, Dotterer, Logan and myself at once released him from his obligation, but then we had to break it to the company and get them to confirm our decision. It was a great disappointment, but we determined to persevere.

IT WAS AN ANXIOUS NIGHT.

Next day Logan and I met in Broad Street about 11 o'clock in the morning. We were standing just in front of the Charleston Library. The name of no one had occurred to us. Just then a party came out of Paul & Brown's store and walked towards St. Michael's Church. Like a flash of lightning it struck me, and seizing Logan by the arm, I

said, why there is the man. He saw it too. Go after him he said. I crossed over and joined him. It was

JAMES CONNER,

an old W. L. I. Before we reached St. Michael's Church I tendered to him the command. I told him if he would accept I would guarantee his unanimous election. We stood under old St. Michael's porch for a long while, and before we parted he said if he was unanimously elected he would accept. We circulated it in the community that we had found the man. There was a large meeting; when the name of James Conner was proposed it was received with wild enthusiasm; he was elected at once. A committee went after him; he came, accepted; I vacated the chair. The W. L. I. Volunteers had been accepted as Co. A, Hampton Legion, and left for Columbia in May to join that command with the following officers: James Conner, Captain; James Lowndes, 1st Lieutenant; T. M. Logan, 2d Lieutenant; Theo. K. Klinck, 3d Lieutenant; Wm. A. Dotterer, Orderly Sergeant. The rest you know.

The history of the corps from 1807 to 1860 is well known. What they did in that gigantic war, this granite obelisk is a symbol and tells in part their history, and will preserve to posterity the story how there was "one company in peace, and three full companies in war." The sad story of their "patience, fortitude and unswerving fidelity to South Carolina" these bronze tablets will tell our children. The ghastly tale was pathetically told from this spot by your then orator Ex-Capt. Simonton when the unfinished shaft was unveiled three years ago. But the history of your corps was not finished when the last act ended in the late civil war. Brilliant as was its record in ante-bellum times, illustrious as is the story of its part in that war.

ITS POST-BELLUM CAREER

is not wanting in high purpose and great achievement. I am here to speak of its later life, to tell what you have done for South Carolina in the efforts you have made for her welfare. The younger generations scarcely know how for long years, bayonet rule, alien and ignorant ruler dominated

this State and community. The man whose word was law to all Southerners—Robert E. Lee, whose name we mention with reverence, and he who was next to his great Captain, Joseph E. Johnston, had advised the soldiers after their surrender to return to their homes and resume their duties as citizens of a common country under one common flag. It was an honorable course, and no doubt it would not have been difficult to pursue but for the conditions which quickly arose, and that made it galling for a military corps so identified with the Southern cause. It is easy now, but to the men of '65 and '66 to '76 it required the highest moral courage and the most unbounded self-control to initiate faithfully and pursue this path of honorable but self-sacrificing duty.

Soldiers, those were days in which there was no place for what the world calls gallant deeds, for heroic courage. There were no exciting campaigns, no opportunities for military distinction. But the decade from 1866 to 1876 is as yet an unwritten history. I trust some graphic writer will arise to tell to future ages how the men who had fought for four years that bloody strife displayed a moral courage and a true manhood in these years of so-called peace equal to that physical courage which had been displayed on so many battle-fields.

The survivors of the three companies came back from the field, from prisons, from hospitals, to their homes in Charleston. Fire and shells had made her a wreck, her railroads were destroyed, her wharves were in ruins, her banks were wiped out, a great belt of fire had swept her diagonally from Cooper to Ashley River. A number of her finest houses in the lower part of the city had been shattered by shot and shell. The surrounding country was one scene of desolation. Her sons were nearly all penniless.

“On the tomb of Hope interred
Stood the spectre of Despair.”

CARPET-BAG RULE.

The so-called reconstruction period began, and negro supremacy rose up to humiliate and if possible to crush the last lingering signs of life in men who had so fought that it

was an honor to receive their surrender. But that life would not die. Some thought that the military career of the W. L. I. was ended, some thought that the memory of the sad past ought to be guarded and preserved, and also felt there was "duty still to be done" in new fields of honor and usefulness. There was, however, one common thought—the reunion of the old membership. But how? The conditions did not permit a military movement, and in what way could they honor the dead and yet meet their obligations to the living? The question was settled by the formation of

THE W. L. I. CHARITABLE ASSOCIATION.

Its object was to help the widows and orphans and the mothers and sisters of those men whose names are engraved on these bronze tablets, and to help the destitute sick among the survivors. This was the first organization of the kind in the State, in the South, and, as far as we know, in the Union. The survivors rallied at once, and out of their penury shared with those who stood in need and had none of their own to aid them.

It may seem now that this was an easy thing to do, but those of us who know the actual financial condition of those days look back with wonder at the spirit of self-sacrifice which induced the men of that day to share of their penury with those more bereaved than they. It was the W. L. I. that did it: nor had the charitable association long continued before they determined to erect a monument to the memory of the dead. And by them was unveiled in April, 1870, the first memorial to the Confederate dead—indeed, we believe the first monument to the dead on either side in the war between the States.

It is a fact, I think, which cannot be controverted, that the annual decoration of the graves of the soldiers originated in the South. The veterans from the battlefield thought that the name of our dead should be inscribed on their first monument, which proved to have been made of imperfect materials, and the W. L. I. of to-day, who have erected this shaft to take the place of the defective column, have thought the same, hence our ceremony now.

The fearful political condition of the State came to be fully realized by the year 1870, and public opinion settled to the belief

“That diseases desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved.”

It was still the time of stranger rule behind the civil rule, the then Government of the State; and the Carolina military spirit was once more evoked. The young men of this city organized themselves into

RIFLE CLUBS.

The charitable association had shown the value of organization and intercourse, and readily from it sprang the Rifle Club of the W. L. I.

Citizens, you are free to-day, but you know not what debt you owe to those gallant men of 1870 who organized those rifle clubs. It took as much nerve and courage to reorganize as it did for them to march to war. It was a great stride in the real reconstruction of South Carolina to have this white military organization. The State caught the spirit enkindled here in this old City by the Sea, and soon from the seaboard to the mountains South Carolina was an armed camp. They were armed with their own rifles; they believed force would be necessary to redeem the State, and they were fully ready to use force. The health of Capt. Peronneau had failed and in the spring of 1872 a new commander had to be chosen. The late Capt. J. M. Carson, of the W. L. I., was made chairman of the committee to find that officer. It has been a peculiar faculty of the W. L. I. to have material when it has need and to find what they want when they look for it. One man suggested himself to everybody, and when the committee proposed the name of

WM. A. COURTENAY

it is needless to say it was received with enthusiasm, and his election was unanimous. Capt. Courtenay at once assumed command, and a new life was enthused into the historic corps. His known love for this company dated back to his youth. His love for the war companies was deep and fervid. The friends of his early manhood, living

and dead, were largely members of the W. L. I. It is not necessary to tell Charleston of his ability, energy, zeal and devotion. The legend in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, regarding Sir Christopher Wren, its architect, reads, "Would you see his monument, look around you." So Capt. Courtenay's monuments, built by himself, are all around you: all his best qualities combined to develop the interests of the W. L. I., and the results were quickly shown. The ranks were filled with young men of character and influence, and the grand old corps entered upon a new and useful career.

Up to this date there had been no public demonstration anywhere in the State of the old commemorative days. Naturally enough the public mind was in great irritation. The sting of defeat, with all the dire calamities it involved, had been made more poignant by the coercive measures attempted by the General Government, and the infliction of Radical and negro rule upon this Commonwealth had brought us to such an extremity that it had been fitly called the prostrate State. But the W. L. I. was again a *quasi* military company, and it did not propose to let that be a mere holiday existence. The flag of the Union had been nominally accepted by the people of South Carolina, but even the ante-bellum celebration of the birthday of Washington had fallen in desuetude. It was classed with the 4th of July and everything else that belonged to the past. Capt. Courtenay felt this ought not to be, but how to revive it without doing more harm than good, so tender and irritable was the public mind. He did not act alone. Long and anxious and frequent were the conferences as to the wisdom, the expediency and the policy of reviving the observance of that day. The Hon. W. D. Porter, Gen. F. W. Capers, Col. A. O. Andrews, Capt. T. Y. Simons, all old Light Infantrymen who have gone before, and of those still alive Judge Bryan, Capt. Hatch, Major Gilchrist, your speaker and others reviewed the subject in all its bearings, and at length agreed to Capt. Courtenay's views. It was not hasty or impulsive action, it was not to glorify the W. L. I. or himself, but it was a bold, progressive movement in the

best interests of the community. He submitted the decision to his command: quickly they adopted it and entered into it with spirit and determination. The W. L. I. resolved to celebrate the 22d of February, 1873.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

The announcement was received by the community with icy coldness: we who were behind the scenes received the deepest impressions, and are best able to record the history. The senior Captain, the Hon. W. D. Porter—the orator of the silver tongue—was chosen to pronounce the oration. Capt. Hatch, next in rank, was to command the great parade. Before the day arrived the co-operation of all the rifle clubs was secured, and that day was Charleston's first gala day after the war. Men walked with firmer step, and heads erect, women felt their natural protectors were in line again. The throngs which lined the streets, the crowd which pressed into the theatre, the chiming of the bells, the national salute from the United States headquarters, the first friendly Federal guns fired in South Carolina for many years, initiated a new era, and gave promise of success in this bold departure. It may seem strange to some of my hearers that there could have been any difficulty or doubt in so manifestly correct a thing to do, but that the W. L. I. did it then has helped to bring about the conditions which now make this strangeness appear. It is only truth to say that the scholarly and eloquent address of Capt. Porter, and the approval and co-operation of the public in that demonstration of the 22d of February, 1873, re-established the W. L. I. in its leadership of our city military. When the white people of the State had reasserted themselves in 1876, Washington's birthday was made the brigade day for the military of the city.

THE WIDOWS' FRIEND.

In 1875 the corps determined to raise a permanent fund for the relief of the families of our dead. I well remember how chaotic were our plans until one night Capt. Courtenay, Capt. T. Y. Simons, Major Gilchrist, Mr. J. L. Honour and your speaker met to discuss the feasibility of having a fair. After much discussion and no conclusion it was resolved to

turn the whole responsibility over to Major Gilchrist, who consented to risk the odium of failure, while every member of the W. L. I. and every recipient of the results of his effort should, and no doubt will, accord to him the full credit for its eminent success.

An incident indicative of the coming of a better time, of more cordial, and fraternal feelings with those whom we had fought as enemies, should be recorded in the minutes of those days. Mr. J. K. Hall, of Boston, Mass., had become a warm friend of Capt. Courtenay, and hearing of the object of this fair, requested to be allowed to prepare a table as Boston's offering to this object. Ice had to be broken, and the ice was pretty thick, but it was broken, broken through and shivered to pieces. It was a graceful act, generously and liberally sustained, and graciously accepted, and like all good deeds was but the harbinger of another. In one short week a fund was raised which, by the able management of the trustees for nineteen years, enables me to say that to-day it amounts to \$15,000, yielding an income of \$1,050 which is annually distributed to the loved ones who need, of those whose names you read on these tablets. Well done, W. L. I. The reception given to the committee from Boston in charge of their table at the Easter Fair induced a cordial invitation for the corps to go to Boston and join in

THE BUNKER HILL CELEBRATION,

in June, 1875. I remember the day and the spot on East Bay when I was shown the letter of invitation, and asked my opinion. It was a surprise and for a moment I felt we could not go, but quickly recognizing the opportunity I counselled acceptance. The old advisers, W. D. Porter, Judge Bryan, Courtenay, Gilchrist, Simons, Hatch and others took counsel together and determined to prepare the corps first, and then the public, for the step. There was some little hesitation naturally, for it was a hazardous move. How would they be received, and how would our people look upon their going? As to the first I had some experience and felt confident that a welcome awaited them of which they little dreamed. For our fellow citizens I felt

sure that the reception in Boston would satisfy them as to the wisdom and patriotism of their visit. The strong common sense and steady nerve of Capt. W. D. Porter, Judge Bryan, Capt. Courtenay and others had its influence, and sixty of the men agreed to go under command of Lieut. R. C. Gilchrist, and Capt. Thos. Y. Simons was appointed orator. Your chaplain was to have accompanied them, but was taken desperately ill just as he was about to leave his house for the steamer in which the corps was to go. An old friend of mine, one of Boston's foremost citizens, told me afterwards it was well for me in my enfeebled condition that I had not gone, for I could not have borne the excitement. It was months after, but the tears rolled down his venerable cheeks, as he told of the effect in Boston of that small command, the W. L. I., from Charleston, S. C., marching with the battle flag of Eutaw waving over their ranks. There was a mighty host that day in Boston, but that little band was the centre of attraction. Men, women and children gathered round and cheered and cheered until they were hoarse. Tears of gratitude that peace had come, that the war was over, that the Union was a fact, were shed by men of frosted head, who never expected to hear the friendly tread of South Carolina troops on Boston Common, hospitality so profuse that only good Southern constitutions could stand it, and champagne so abundant that only level heads could have resisted it. But it was often remarked to me after this in Boston, it was noticed that every man among them never forgot for a moment that he was a South Carolinian and a gentleman. But, W. L. I., your visit was of far more consequence than the good time you had. I know what I say, when I declare that visit to Boston effected a revolution of sentiment in all New England. The files of the daily press of that day will bear me out in the statement, besides the personal knowledge I obtained in the prosecution of my own life work, and I know the feelings it produced and the widespread influence it exercised made it possible in 1877 for President Hayes to recognize our Wade Hampton as Governor-elect of South Carolina. But I must hurry on. In 1876 the W. L. I. bore the Eutaw

flag under command of Major Gilchrist to the Centennial celebration in Philadelphia as the colors for the legion composed of companies which went one from each of the original thirteen States. This legion was organized by the W. L. I.

In 1877 Governor Hampton was your guest on the fiftieth anniversary of the custody of the Entaw flag, the 19th of April, the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, Capt. Courtenay again in command. In 1879 the 22d of February was dedicated to the reopening of the Citadel Academy, that institution so dear to the heart of Charleston and for which you cherish so warm a regard. In May, 1879, you went to Columbia to the dedication of the Confederate Monument of Richland County in command of Major Gilchrist. In 1881, under the command of Capt. Geo. D. Bryan, you went to Spartanburg at the unveiling of the imposing battle monument to the victors of the Cowpens, which stands in Morgan Square and is surmounted by a grand bronze statue of Gen. Daniel Morgan, the commander in that decisive victory, and for which statue Congress appropriated \$20,000. It was projected and carried through by the W. L. I. Many general contributions were made for the monument, and the Cincinnati Society of the State of New York voluntarily contributed to it. In 1881 you went

TO YORKTOWN,

under Capt. Marshall, to join in the celebration of the Centennial of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. Companies from New Haven and Hartford visited Charleston as your guests, and you returned the visit in 1883 under Capt. Marshall, while at the same time some of the corps under Lieut. Lamb Johnston went to Camden, when the unveiling of the Confederate Monument was celebrated. You were present in New York again under Capt. Gilchrist at the centennial celebration of the inauguration as first President of the United States of the world's great citizen, George Washington. And on the 29th of May, 1890, again under Capt. Gilchrist, you were found among the host that gathered in Richmond at the unveiling of the statue of

Virginia's great son, the compeer of her other son, George Washington, the heritage of the South, yes, the nineteenth century's great gift to humanity, Robert Edward Lee. Lastly, you to-day complete

THIS WORK OF LOVE.

The first monument erected by you at Magnolia proved to be of perishable material and thirteen years ago Capt. Courtenay and Major G. B. Edwards consulted as to the feasibility of erecting a monument which would stand the tooth of time. They had a small nucleus which by judicious investment they managed in ten years to increase to a substantial sum, when they then brought the matter in detail to the attention of the corps. Major Edwards undertook the duties of treasurer, and his devotion to the trust and his intelligent management of the fund entitle him to the well done of the corps. Very few in these days will give such gratuitous service through so long a period as thirteen years. The W. L. I. has acknowledged its obligation to Mrs. George M. Trenholm and those who co-operated with her in the brilliant concert that they gave, and from which your committee received substantial aid. You, by your exertions, with the assistance of many generous friends, have accomplished your task, and have given to your city this more lasting shaft of granite, of which this city, through its Council, has shown its appreciation by donating this conspicuous place as its site. I wish all those handsome memorial shafts which the gallant living have erected to their gallant dead in Magnolia Cemetery would be brought down and placed in prominent positions throughout the city. Why not on the three sides of Marion Square? The City Council could not do a more graceful thing than to donate sites for every one of them, and pay the expenses to bring them here where the youth of the community would daily see them, and as they study the history of their country ever have before them these illustrations of its patriotism and its valor.

This occasion has confined me to the recital of the deeds of one company, but, my fellow citizens, your safety and

quiet and peace have been largely due to the presence among you of a conscientious, well organized and well equipped military department. These various commands have given their services and their means, primarily as it appears, for their own gratification, but the moral and physical effect in the welfare of the community is beyond price. The disorganization of such a force

WOULD BE A BLUNDER

that would border on a crime. Does the community realize and appreciate their value? And are no hindrances thrown in their way? We Americans make life too much of a drudgery of dull routine. A few more holidays would help young men to do their work with greater zest. Merchants and bank officers, and employers generally, would get better service from their employees if they paid a little more attention and took more interest in their reasonable and healthful recreation and enjoyment. It militates against the success of any military corps if its members feel they are forcing unwilling consent when even their military duty requires them to take a day or even an afternoon off.

It was the purpose to have this celebration on the 16th of June, the thirty-second anniversary of the battle of Secessionville, but as it was thought it might be convenient to me, it was postponed to the 28th of June, which is the anniversary of the battle of Fort Moultrie. You are still commemorating a Carolina day.

A REMINISCENCE.

Will you bear with me while I mention some touching incidents connected with four of those whose names are on those tablets. I was Chaplain of the 25th Regiment, of which the W. L. I. formed a part. Col. Simonton was very indulgent to his Chaplain, and though lights went out at taps he permitted a light in my tent as long as I wished it. I always had some of the boys with me. It was Sunday night, the 15th of June, some ten or twelve of the men were with me singing hymns. The last hymn they sang was: "Bow Down Thine Ear, O Lord." It was a fine choir, and when they had finished I asked them all to kneel

and I led them in prayer. We all said the Lord's Prayer together; I rose and pronounced upon them the benediction prescribed in the prayer book of the Episcopal Church. I shook hands with each and bade good-night. It was then just 12 o'clock: at 4 o'clock in the morning, June 16, 1862, the long roll startled the camp. Soldiers knew what that meant. In not many minutes the regiment was on double quick towards Secessionville, which was attacked. I mounted my horse and joined Dr. Wm. C. Ravenel, our surgeon, and we rode after the regiment. They crossed an open cotton field and went into a skirt of wood. Between the battery at Secessionville and themselves was a small creek and wide marsh. Of course they could go no further, but their position enfiladed the Federals, who had made an impetuous assault on the battery and had been repulsed. They were coming up again with an overwhelming force for another assault, when the 25th opened fire on them on the flank. This checked the charge of the Federals, and they turned their fire on the regiment. The bullets began to fall pretty thick about Dr. Ravenel and myself, and I urged him that the doctor's place was where he could take care of the wounded, not where he could be shot himself. He realized that this was so, and giving him my bridle I begged him to take my horse to a place of safety. I went on foot across the field to about fifty yards in rear of where the regiment was doing some lively firing. Before the sun rose that morning I had assisted in taking from the field four of those who had been with me at 12 that night. Three of them were dead—Fleetwood Lanneau, Richard W. Greer and Thos. N. Galsden. One was mortally wounded, J. H. Taverner. Their names are recorded there on this shaft, and I am here still lingering on the stage.

IX CONCLUSION.

Dead comrades, if I could make you hear me I would tell you how often I have thought of you, and of the two last scenes in which we were together, and how often I have thanked God for you for those hymns, that prayer, and that benediction at the mid-hour of the night which had no morning in time for you, but which, I trust, ushered you

into an eternal day of brightness and joy. It is a singular fact that all of the killed and wounded at Secessionville of the W. L. I. in the 25th Regiment were in Company B. on the left of the Regiment.

And now, W. L. I., you have your record very imperfectly spread out before you. And what a record it is in the life of a single corps in twenty-two years. Omitting the numerous lesser W. L. I. celebrations and ceremonies, you note the number of historic public occasions in which the company was either the originator or was in chief position "monument building;" the great public gatherings North and South, sagacious, brave action at crucial times, which gave new direction to men's thoughts and actions, largely changing the condition of the prostrate State to one of new life, new hope and long years of revived prosperity. The truth of history will make this brilliant record for old Charleston's loyal sons.

And now my task is done. I hope I have not wearied you with the recital of your good deeds. Unworthily as the record has been presented the mention is more eloquent than any studied words with which to dress important events. My purpose, soldiers of the W. L. I., has been to show you with what unwavering patriotism your corps has given itself to our country from the inception of its organization to the present day. How true you have been to South Carolina in all her heroic history! How, before the war, you shared with her her duty to the Union; how when she asserted her sovereignty your energies and your lives were offered on her altar. How when she laid down her arms you obeyed her behests and tried to make a reality of the command she gave you to renew your allegiance to the Union. You have held no inconspicuous position through all these years and in all these great events. You have done your part, and, my young brothers, this is your heritage. Quit yourselves like men worthy to inherit the patrimony of your predecessors. Remember to love our country is next to loving our God. To live for your country's honor and welfare is the teaching of the religion of Christ. Do this and you will ever maintain the honor and the glory of the W. L. I.

APPENDIX.

ROLL

OF

Co. A, Washington Light Infantry,

OF

HAMPTON LEGION INFANTRY, C. S. A., 1861-65.

CAPTAINS.

*JAMES CONNOR,

*T. M. LOGAN,

E. A. THOMAS.

LIEUTENANTS.

JAMES LOWNDES, *First.*

J. P. GIBBS, JR., *Third.*

THEODORE KLINCK, *First.*

W. E. O'CONNOR, *Second.*

JAMES McELROY, *First.*

W. A. HENNING, *Second.*

T. C. ALBERGOTTI, *Second.*

ROBERT ROY, JR., *Third.*

WM. A. DOTTERER, JR., *Third.*

G. T. WHILDEN, JR., *Third.*

SERGEANTS.

J. H. Gardner, *First.*

J. W. McGhee, *Third.*

Frank E. Taylor, *First.*

E. H. Yates, *Third.*

Joel Copes, *Second.*

C. P. Poppenheim, *Third.*

F. G. Coachman, *Second.*

W. J. Dibble, *Fourth.*

George Daniell, *Second.*

E. F. Coachman, *Fourth.*

J. Anerum Condy, *Third.*

S. H. Stocker, *Fourth.*

J. S. Green, *Third.*

J. S. Simpkins, *Fifth.*

Eben Coffin, *Fifth.*

CORPORALS.

R. H. Bomar.

H. G. Baker.

R. Yeaton Smith.

W. H. Buren.

C. E. Strohecker.

*Promoted Brig.-General.

PRIVATES.

- Anerum, J. H.
 Aveille, L. S.
 Atkinson, J. A.
 Atkinson, C. S.
 Allen, B. B.
 Blum, J. A.
 Butts, R. F.
 Bruen, H. S.
 Bird, W. C.
 Brown, J. H.
 Beckman, J. S.
 Bessalieu, C. M.
 Blankensee, H.
 Brantley, B. B.
 Bedault, Robert
 Bunch, J. S.
 Beck, A.
 Baker, T. D.
 Barham, R. W.
 Calvert, J. M.
 Coachman, S.
 Cuttino, W. H.
 Clark, J. A.
 Cay, T. L.
 Clarkson, W. B.
 Chapin, J. R.
 Coxe, C. E.
 Crawford, D.
 Cook, James
 Couturier, J. E. H.
 DeTreville, R.
 Emanuel, Philip
 Emanuel, C. C.
 Eddy, J. A.
 Easterling, E. C.
 Egleston, —
 Erickson, C. E.
 Edwards, Dr.
 Ferrel, H. C.
 Ford, S.
 Ford, W. H.
 Ford, T. S.
 Green, J. H.
 Green, John
 Hutson, C. W.
 Hughes, W. H.
 Hughes, F. P.
 Howt, Jonas
 Heriot, W. C.
 Hasel, P. G.
 Heyward, A. R.
 Hunter, —
 Hall, E. O.
 Inglesby, T. S.
 Ivey, J. M.
 Jones, C. E.
 Jones, Weldrich
 Jones, J. Quincy
 Jones, Iredell
 Jones, Cadwallader
 Jenkins, J. Henry
 Jenkins, Thomas
 Jervey, Gabriel
 Kennedy, John
 Kennedy, H. E.
 Kenyon, W. A.
 Lloyd, Augus
 Lloyd, —
 Lacoste, E. P.
 Logan, G. W.
 Leiber, Oscar M.
 Lowndes, Edward
 Mustard, R. W.
 Meyers, Jacob
 Middleton, Hy. A., Jr.
 Morrison, Robert W.

PRIVATES.

Morrison, Richard	Snow J. R.
Mulkai, T. D.	Sterling, C. M.
Masterman, E. J.	Shackelford, E. L.
McDonald, A. G.	Sawyer, Leonard
McQuade, James	Skipper, E. M.
Missroon, James	Suggs, Arthur
McCutcheon, T. H.	Thompson, J. M.
Owens, James B.	Thompson, J. A.
Phelps, George L.	Taylor, G. B.
Poppenheim, J. L.	Taylor, Hy. C.
Poyas, J. E.	Todd, W. H.
Porcher, C. P.	Tupper, James
Postell, Jehu G.	Thomlinson, R.
Pitts, Charles	Tyson, —
Petigrew, J. Johnston	Walker, T. K.
Russell, J. B.	Walker, Douglas
Reed, J. O.	Whitney, A. G.
Roux, H. S.	Whitney, E. G.
Strohecker, O. E.	Wilson, W. G.
Smith, J. S.	Witherspoon, —
Smith, T. H.	Wharton, John
Smith, William	Whitmore, William
Sweet, R.	Ware, George
Stoney, E. G.	Verner, S. S.
Sprague, W. B.	Verdier, H. E.
Seaford, M. H.	Yates, C. L.

Total, 161 officers and men ; 43 dead.

ROLL
OF
Co. A, Washington Light Infantry,
25th REGIMENT S. C. V., 1861-65.

CAPTAINS.

*C. H. SIMONTON.

JAMES M. CARSON.

LIEUTENANTS.

H. B. OLNEY, *First*.

JAMES A. ROSS, *Second*.

WM. WASHINGTON FINLEY, *Second*. JOS. S. HANAHAN, *Second*.

W. DANA COTCHETT, JR., *Second*.

SERGEANTS.

Wm. Capers Owens, *First*.

James E. Edgerton, *Third*.

W. M. Muckenfuss, *First*.

Fred. H. Honour, *Fourth*.

John L. Sheppard, *Second*.

Charlton H. Ragin, *Fifth*.

Henry D. Jones, *Third*.

James A. Stevens, *Fifth*.

Alfred L. Olney, *Fifth*.

CORPORALS.

Fred. W. Miller, *First*.

John B. Phelps, *Third*.

Charles E. Ellis, *Second*.

Fred'k J. Kellers, *Fourth*.

C. T. Black, *Second*.

Sam'l W. Dibble, *Fourth*.

James H. Dickinson, *Second*. G. Gibbs Blackwood, *Fourth*.

John G. Newcoman, *Second*. C. Elliott Rowand, *Fifth*.

W. G. Muckenfuss, *Third*. Wm. B. Cowperthwait, *Fifth*.

*Promoted Colonel 25th S. C. V.

PRIVATEES.

Adger, J. Ellison

Barton, A. J.

Anderson, Sam'l W.

Berry, Thomas T. E.

Baker, Henry G.

Beasley, E. B.

Baker, E. B.

Blackwood, J. C.

Ballot, F. G.

Blanchard, F. S.

Barbot, Julian

Bodow, H. F.

PRIVATES.

- Breese, S. Van Vechten
 Burn, Orville J.
 Burroughs, Samuel L.
 Burroughs, F. Marion,
 Burnham, Edward S.
 Bird, W. Cooper
 Calder, William
 Calder, James
 Calder, Edward E.
 Carter, John W.
 Chapman, Thos. B.
 Clayton, W. H.
 Cox, E. P.
 Connor, Geo. S.
 Coste, N. E.
 Crass, E. Frank,
 Cross, B. H.
 Cudworth, A.
 Dixon, George W.
 Douglass, Campbell
 Dooley, W.
 Dukes, T. Charlton H.
 Dotterer, William H.
 Enslow, J. A., Jr.
 Folker, O. F.
 Forbes, W. H., Jr.
 Gibson, Walter E.
 Gowan, Peter E.
 Galloway, William
 Haas, John
 Harper, F. M.
 Hall, John H.
 Honour, J. Lawrence
 Honour, Theo. A.
 Honour, Geo. McC.
 Holmes, Wm. E.
 Humphries, William R.
 Jones, J. Walker
 Jervey, William C.
 Jeter, W. L.
 Klinck, John, Jr.
 Kingman, John W.
 Kingman, Oliver H.
 King, S. H.
 Kiddell, Charles
 Lambert, Walter
 Lawton, J. Frampton,
 Lanneau, Wm. S.
 Lee, B. M.
 Lee, J. T.
 Lee, Lawrence S.
 Loeke, P. P.
 Locke, F. Otis,
 Lovegreen, L. B.
 Lucas, Benjamin,
 Mahoney, D. A.
 Marsh, David C.
 Marsh, Jas. G.
 Martin, J. S.
 Masters, A. W.
 Mey, Florian C.
 Mellichamp, Jos. M.
 Mellichamp, Wm. A.
 Miller, Gustavus
 Milnor, Vincent
 Mintzing, J. F.
 Muckenfuss, Wm. C.
 McNamee, Jas. V.
 McCabe, J. W.
 O'Sullivan, Thos. F.
 Ortmann, W. F.
 Ortmann, Julius F.
 Patterson, W. N.
 Pennal, A. F.
 Pennal, R. E.
 Prevost, Clarence

Pritchard, William E.
 Porcher, Chas. J.
 Petit, J. J.
 Proctor, Henry G.
 Proctor Wm. E.
 Ramsey, J. T.
 Reid, George
 Riols, A. T.
 Robb, James
 Robinson, S. A.
 Salvo, James F.

Seyle, Sam'l H.
 Sheppard, Benj. T.
 Small, Joseph J.
 Shelton, H. S.
 Shokes, G. W.
 Shackelford, E. H.
 Seabrook, P. F.
 Smyth, J. Adger
 Smythe, Augustine T.
 Steinmeyer, W. H.
 Schmidt, J. M.

Warren W. Dalton,

Total, 139 officers and men. 44 dead.

ROLL
OF
Co. B, Washington Light Infantry,
25th REGIMENT S. C. V., 1861-65.

CAPTAINS.

EDWARD W. LLOYD, JOSEPH S. HANAHAN.

LIEUTENANTS.

ROBERT A. BLUM, *First.* RICHARD W. GREER, *Second.*
SAMUEL J. BURGER, *First.* ROBERT M. TAFT, *Second.*
HENRY L. GREER, *First.* J. EDWARD BOMAR, JR., *Second.*

SERGEANTS.

Fleetwood Lanneau, Jr., *First.* Everett C. Edgerton, *Third.*
T. Grange Simons, Jr., *First.* Robt. A. McLeod, *Third.*
John F. Marion, *Second.* Frederick K. Oliver, *Third.*
Wm. H. Jamison, *Second.* Albert W. Force, *Fourth.*
Frank E. Gyles, *Second.* Wm. Whittaker, *Fifth.*
J. Schapter Caldwell, *Fifth.*

CORPORALS.

John P. Gaillard. Leroy W. Hayes.
R. DeTreville Lawrence. Alfred Gray.

PRIVATEES.

Atkinson, Anthony O.	Boyce, J. Jeremiah.
Adams, Estell L., Jr.	Cochran, William
Baker, Geo. S.	Cantwell, Patrick H.
Beckman, Christian J.	Copes, Frederick
Bomar, Geo. W.	Culler, W. W.
Burns, Lawrence T.	DeTreville, Edward W.
Blakely, R.	Devoe, Jas. H.
Brown, Sam'l N.	Doucain, P. M.
Brown, T. K.	Dorre, C. Frederick
Brown, J. H.	Dufl, A.

PRIVATES.

Dibble, M. W.	McDowell, Robert H., Jr.
Edmonston, George	McMillan, W. F.
Flynn, William E.	Muller, R.
Flynn, W. H.	Ortmann, Louis
Flynn, Chas. H.	Ortmann, Henry
Force, George H.	O'Hara, W. P.
Gadsden, Thos. N.	Oliver, Thomas P.
Gilliland, Daniel B.	Prior, Barney R.
Gilliland, Edward B.	Riecke, Gerhard,
Glover, John B.	Renneker, Fred. W.
Glover, Leslie	Rennerker, J. Henry
Gibbs, Isaac B.	Robbins, E. Frank
Grady, James T.	Saltus, Samuel
Grady, Edward	Schulte, J. Hermann
Graham, Stephen G.	Shaffer, R. Randolph
Greece, George D.	Shaffer, William H.
Greer, W. Robert	Shaffer, B. C.
Happoldt, J. H.	Simons, W. Lucas
Houston, John H.	Silcox, James
Hernandez, B.	Silcox, Daniel S.
Johnson, Chas. H.	Shirer, John
Jamison, John W.	Shecut, John Fraser
Lanseau, J. Bennett	Smith, John B.
Little, William	Stocker, John D.
Logan, E. W.	Strong, S. J.
Lebby, Thos. D.	Taft, A. Walton
Matthews, Christopher	Taverner, J. H.
Molloy, Lawrence E.	Tharin, Edward B.
Martin, John C.	Trumbo, Augustus S.
Mellard, Joel P.	Warren, Benjamin W.
Mellard, J. Pettigrew	Westendorff, Chas. H.
Moffett, Geo. H.	Williamson, Chas. A.
Moore, William H.	Williams, Henry H., Jr.
Murray, D. D.	Witschen, E.
Meyer, H.	Woodberry, S. B.
McCutchen, R. G.	Wilkie, Octavius.

West, Chas. H., Jr.

Total, 115 officers and men; 27 dead.

TABLETS.

SOUTH FACE OF MONUMENT.

“ At every board a vacant chair,
Fills with quick tears some tender eye,
And at our maddest sport appears
A well known form that will not die ;

“ We lift the glass, our hand is stayed,
We jest, a spectre rises up,
And weeping, though no word is said,
We kiss and pass the silent cup.”*

THIS SHAFT COMMEMORATES
THE PATIENCE, FORTITUDE, HEROISM,
UNSWERVING FIDELITY TO SOUTH CAROLINA
AND THE SACRIFICES OF
THE WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY
IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES, 1860-'65,
ONE COMPANY IN PEACE; THREE FULL COMPANIES
FOR THE WAR.
BESIDES THE MAIMED, WOUNDED AND CAPTURED
ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN DIED IN BATTLE,
IN HOSPITAL, OR ON THE WEARY WAYSIDE
IN OBEDIENCE
TO A SENTIMENT OF HONOUR AND THE CALL OF DUTY
AND IN PLEDGE OF THEIR SINCERITY THEY MADE
THE LAST SACRIFICE, THEY LAID DOWN THEIR LIVES,
OFFICERS AND MEN
THEY WERE OF THE VERY FLOWER OF THIS
ANCIENT CITY, HER YOUNG HOPE AND FAIR RENOWN.
FORTUNA NON MUTAT GENUS.
ERECTED 1891.

WEST FACE OF MONUMENT.

Co. A, 25th Regiment, S. C. M.

“ Where some beneath Virginian hills,
And some by green Atlantic rills,
Some by the waters of the West,
A myriad unknown heroes rest.

“ And we can only dimly guess
What worlds of all this world’s distress,
What utter woe, despair and dearth,
Their fate has brought to many a hearth.”*

ROSS, JAMES A., Lieut.

SERGEANTS.

DICKINSON, J. H.

OWENS, W. C.

OLNEY, A. L.

STEVENS, J. ADGER

CORPORALS.

KELLERS, F. W.

NEWCOMER, J. G.

PRIVATEES.

Anderson, Samuel C.

Baker, H. G.

Ballot, F. C.

Bedault, H. R.

Blackwood, John C.

Breese, Stewart Van V.

Beasley, E. B.

Burrows, S. L.

Burrows, I. M.

Burn, O. J.

Calder, James

Dotterer, Wm. A.

Dooley, Wm.

Gibson, Walter E.

Hall, J.

Jeway, Wm. C.

Jones, J. Walker

Klinck, John, Jr.

Lee, Lawrence S.

Lee, J. T.

Mahoney, D. A.

Locke, F. Otis

Muckenfuss, W. C.

McCabe, J. W.

Petit, J. J.

Mellichamp, J. M.

Proctor, H. G.

Patterson, W. N.

Small, J. J.

Pritchard, W.

Sheppard, B. T.

Robinson, S. A.

EAST FACE OF MONUMENT.

Co. B, 25th Regiment, S. C. A.

“ Furl that banner, true 'tis gory,
But 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust ;

“ For its fame on brightest pages,
Sung by poets, penned by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages ;
Furl its folds, though now we must.”*

BLUM, ROBT. A., Lieut., Commanding.

LIEUTENANTS.

GREER, R. W. TAFT, R. M., BOMAR, J. E.

SERGEANTS.

LANNEAU, F., JR. MARION, J. F. WHITAKER, WM.

PRIVATEES.

Blakeley, R. O'Hara, W. P. Gibbes, I. B.
Caldwell, J. S. Saltus, Samuel Gilliland, E. B.
Grady, E. Taverner, J. H. Oliver, Thomas
Gray, Alfred, Burns, L. T. Silcox, James
Gadsden, Thos. N., Jr. Tharin, E. B.

Transferred to other Commands from Cos. A, B, 25th.

LIEUTENANT-COLONELS.

JOHNSON, B. J. DETREVILLE, ROBERT
DIBBLE, S. W., Lieut., Adjutant.

LIEUTENANTS.

ALSTON, J. J. P. GLOVER, LESLIE LESESNE, H. R.
BEE, J. S. GLOVER, W. E. REAGAN, C. H.
FULLER, E. N., JR. GREGG, J. B. SEABROOK, C. P.

PRIVATEES.

Flemming, W. H. Graham, G. C. Schmidt, J. M.

ENGAGEMENTS

IN WHICH THE W. L. I. COMPANIES PARTICIPATED,
1860-65.

APPOMATTOX,	LEGARE'S POINT,
BATTERY WAGNER,	MANASSAS (1st and 2d),
BOONESBORO GAP,	MALVERN HILL,
BERMUDA HUNDREDS,	NINE MILE ROAD,
COLD HARBOR (1st and 2d),	NEW MARKET,
CHICKAMAUGA,	PETERSBURG,
CHARLES CITY ROAD,	RICHMOND,
CAMPBELL STATION,	RIDDLE'S SHOPS,
DEEP BOTTOM,	RIVERS, S. C.,
DARBY TOWN ROAD,	SECESSIONVILLE,
DRURY'S BLUFF,	SEVEN PINES,
ELKIN'S LANDING,	SHARPSBURG,
FORT SUMTER,	SWIFT CREEK,
FORT FISHER.	THOROUGHFARE GAP,
FARMVILLE, TENN.,	TURKEY RIDGE,
FORT ANDERSON,	TOWN CREEK,
FREDERICKSBURG,	WALTHAL JUNCTION,
GAINES' MILL,	WELDON ROAD,
KNOXVILLE,	WELLS' VALLEY,
LANIER'S STATION,	YORKTOWN.

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